

25c ANN ARBOR

ARGUS

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Pink tape
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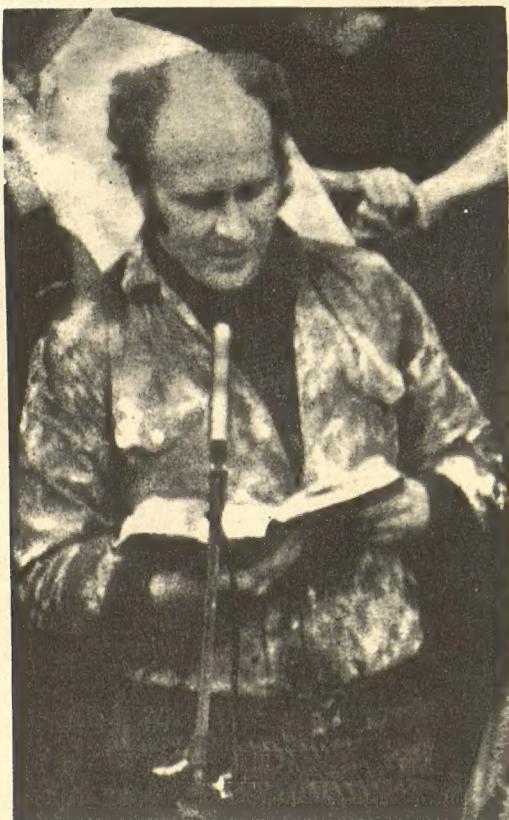


nixon eats babies...p.3



SPRING HOPES ETERNAL

TWD—The first Warm Day, as hundreds of celebrants flock to the Arb to start off Spring with a bit of revolutionary frisbee, Washo!, and toke-downs.



PHOTO/Thomas R. Copi

[Note: Ken Kesey and a small band of the Merry Pranksters were in town for a brief stint with the Hog Farm last week. This is what he said.]

Argus: You want to do an interview?

Kesey: I hate interviews. I'll tell you about interviews. It's like, well, there's no such thing as an underground newspaper.

Argus: That's true. A revolutionary newspaper, though, hows about that?

Kesey: It's just that the whole form—every time I get in the paper, it causes trouble.

Argus: I read the thing in Good Times about you and it seemed to me it was pretty right on.

Kesey: I know, but it was awful—it's just awful, you don't know. I mean you can be going along, you can be moving like this and a reporter gets out there and suddenly everything is glunk.

Argus: Well, fuck it, I ain't a reporter.

Kesey: Well, I know, but you're a damn sight close to being one.

Argus: What I'm saying is...

Kesey: What do you want to know?

Argus: Information to give to people.

Kesey: All right, I'm willing to exchange information, but I'm warning you, I don't have much. I mean, I haven't had a new thought in years.

Argus: Well, let's go for some old ones or something.

Kesey: Old thoughts—A friend of mine says because the moon just moved into Aquarius and we've just sent a thing to the moon that we're all under the influence of the moon more than we know. In fact, that our souls are being eaten by it and it comes to when stuff was

Once a Great

just living around in puddles millions of years ago and the moon goes over it every 28 days and until finally the crystals begin to move to it. We just came out of a Scorpio moon in Ohio, where we'd been fighting with a bunch of people.

Argus: What sign are you?

Kesey: Virgo.

Argus: How long have you been travelling with the Hog Farm buses?

Kesey: I haven't. We got a '61 Chevy that we bought in Cincinnati, and we're just trying to get back to organize just as tight we

just as tight as we can jump.

My brother Chuck got a '70 Buick. I gotta go back, cause the creamery needs help. He's now making yogurt, and what it's done is that it moved him into a whole different economic thing. He's now gonna have to sell to a lot of new customers that don't quite have the money that the old customers did, but they're willing to buy newer kinds of stuff, like acidophilous yogurt. There's a piece of information. When a baby's born, there's a germ in his stomach called acidophilous germ. And it's in the stomach of every child that's born and when you shoot penicillin, it kills it. And you have to eat it again. Yogurt will almost do it, but not quite. It's the oldest bug in the world. You can get it at almost any creamery. So every time you shoot penicillin, you know, for a cold or something, eat acidophilous yogurt, and you'll be able to digest your food better.

Argus: You've sort of divorced yourself from politics. Kesey: I've been nominated for the school board, man. Divorced myself from politics?

Argus: You going to campaign and all that?

'biased dog'

By KEN KELLEY

Charles Thomas, black revolutionary who has been reading the Black Manifesto at Ann Arbor churches and synagogues, was picked up April 2 by city policemen who walked into his bedroom at 3 a.m. to serve the warrant.

"At first the pig refused to even show me the warrant," said Thomas. "But I called my lawyer, so he decided to read it to me before taking me away."

He is charged with felonious assault with "a jagged piece of cement approximately seven inches in diameter" against city policeman James Schook.

The only witness against him is a 20-year-old undercover pig from Ypsilanti named Mark Perrin [see picture], who, on the first day of the BAM strike, March 19, "mingled" with the thousands of people crowded into People's Plaza and the U-M administration building. And although the assault allegedly occurred on March 19, Judge Samuel Elden waited two weeks before signing the warrant.

"Elden is an ecclesiastical pig judge—a very biased dog," said Thomas, in reference to the fact that Elden is on

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PIG PERRIN

Notion

Kesey: No, I don't think I'm going to campaign, but I think I might run. Nominated for the school board, just heard about that two days ago.

Argus: Well, listen, I'm wondering how you relate to political prisoners like John Sinclair or someone who was put away because of exactly what our culture's all about. Are you into things like getting organized to get him out of jail and stuff?

Kesey: [Singing]

*When you walk the streets you will have no cares
If you walk the lines and not the squares
As you go through life, make this your goal
Watch the doughnut, not the hole.*

That's where I think the revolution is.

Argus: I don't understand that at all.

Kesey: That you focus as much as you can on the positive and you try to make the world better around you as much as you can. So much of the problem has been brought about by liberals trying to do something over there.

Argus: John Sinclair is not a liberal, he's a revolutionary. Kesey: Everybody's a revolutionary, from the first caveman that ever came out of the cave and fed a starving neighbor. Right?

Argus: No, I don't agree with that. What are you doing that's positive?

Kesey: Hmmmm. What am I doing that's positive?

Argus: What are you doing that's positive for the revolution?

Kesey: Positive for the revolution. Shit. Listen, man, the revolution—it's like this. It didn't start here and it's

Nixon Eats Babies

TREATMENT

[Note: As the cover of this issue indicates, Nixon and Martha Mitchell have devised a scheme for "nipping the criminal element in the bud," to wit: fascism in the truest sense of the word. Here is, complete and unexpurgated, the text of the story as printed in the San Francisco Chronicle, Monday, 6 April.]

By ROBERT C. MAYNARD

WASHINGTON—President Nixon has asked the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to study the proposals of a New York psychiatrist that psychological tests be administered to all 6 year olds in the United States to determine their future potential for criminal behavior.

Dr. Arnold Hutschnecker further proposed massive psychological and psychiatric treatment for those children found to be criminally inclined. He said such a program is a better short-term solution to the crime problem than urban reconstruction.

Teen-age boys later found to be persisting in incorrigible behavior would be remanded to camps under the proposals submitted to the President last December.

Dr. Hutschnecker, a consultant to the former National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, advised the President of his proposals in a 1600-word critique of the Commission's report after it disbanded at the end of last year.

Assistant to the President John D. Ehrlichman, in a memorandum to HEW Secretary Robert Finch on December 30, said "the President asks your opinion as to the advisability of setting up pilot projects embodying some of these approaches."

A spokesman for Finch said that no answer has been sent to the White House because the study of Dr. Hutschnecker's suggestions "requires considerable staff work," which is not complete.

Dr. Hutschnecker, formerly an internist, treated Mr. Nixon in that capacity when the President was vice president in the 1950s. He has said that he did not treat Mr. Nixon after changing his specialty to psychiatry in 1960.

The determination of criminal tendencies of children 6 to 8 years old would be made by psychologists using such tests as the Rorschach, which makes use of the reactions of one person being tested to a series of ink blot images.

The violence commission concluded that the solution to urban violence is urban reconstruction, creating an environment that would reverse the trend toward crime.

PROPOSAL

"No doubt," Dr. Hutschnecker told the President, "there is a desperate need for urban reconstruction, but I would suggest another, direct, immediate, and—I believe—effective way of attacking the problem at its very origin, by focusing on the criminal mind of the child."

"The aim is to prevent a child with a delinquent character structure from being allowed to grow into a full-fledged teen age delinquent or adult criminal," Dr. Hutschnecker said.

DEVIANT

"The sooner this destructive trend is recognized and reversed, the better the chances for the prevention of crime and the cure of the individual," he wrote.

The early testing of children to detect deviant behavior has been advocated by the doctor before.

He wrote last year in Look magazine that high school and college students "should be obliged to undergo psychological testing." He argued then that

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come out!

By KEN KELLEY

Canterbury House was packed last Thursday night, as over 150 gay people, men and women, black and white, came out for the Gay Liberation Front's second public mass meeting.

At their previous meeting the week before, GLF organized into specific committees to explore ways to change the stereotyped oppressed attitude toward homosexuals by straight society.

"Make no mistake about it, the GLF is an anti-capitalist organization," said GLF Political Committee Chairman Larry Glover to a rousing round of cheers. "The same system which oppresses black people and which exploits women is what has kept homosexuals in the closet. Homosexuals all over the country are now rising up and moving to put an end to the repression, and build new lives."

A large contingent of Women's Liberation groups were present, and an immediate sense of solidarity was established, with women, inviting GLF people to come to their meetings. In fact, representatives from GLF are going to all progressive organizations in Ann Arbor, and have received support thus far from ENACT, Student Mobe, and the National Lawyer's Guild. GLF is also a U-M student organization.

Some immediate steps were discussed. The Flame Bar on West Washington St. is the main gathering place for homosexuals in Ann Arbor, and it is filthy. GLF members plan to present the owner with a list of demands to improve the bar, including the offer of free manual labor to do it, and if that fails, they will organize a boycott. "If it weren't for our business, he'd go broke in a week, yet he treats us like second-class people," said one member.

GLF will start publishing a newsletter this week, which will be distributed free in the Fishbowl. Other projects include the formation of T-groups, participation in all anti-war and anti-racist marches with the GLF banner, and organizing a conference of all GLF groups across the country. [Chicago, San Francisco, and New York already have large, organized groups, and Detroit is just beginning

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Argus: You don't consider this...

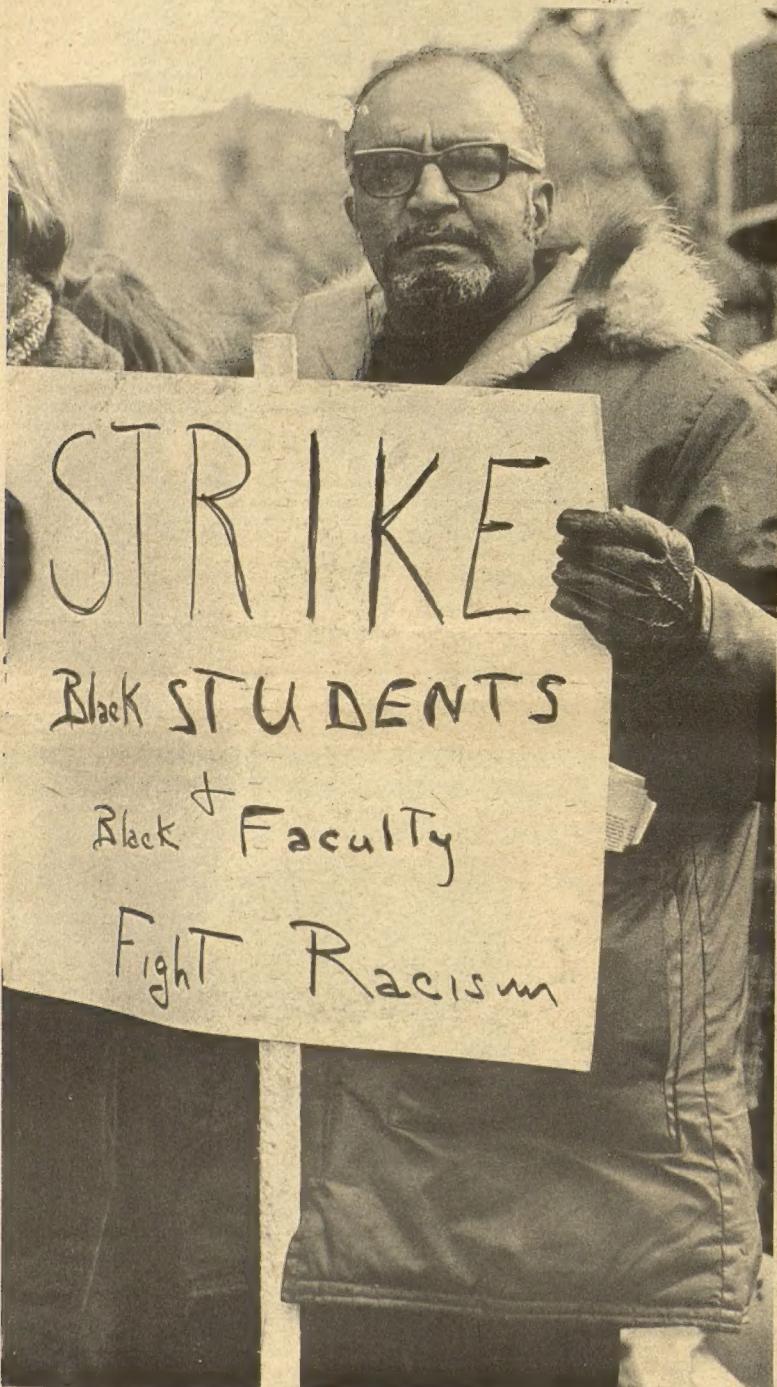
Kesey: Listen, most of what you're talking about isn't revolutionary, it's just work. What "revolutionary" is, is to be able... I'll tell you a good story. There was three old Samuri swordsmen arguing about who had the sharpest swords. So they proposed a contest, and they went into the woods. And this young guy, the guy who brought up the idea of the contest in the first place, he went out into the middle of the stream and he took his sword and he jammed it into the sand. And he took a piece of rice paper, and put it on the water, and let the rice paper float down on the current towards the sword. And it came to the sword like this and the sword just cut it in half. So the second guy went out there, the older guy, stuck his sword down in the thing, put the rice paper in the current. It came down, was cut in half, and then came back together, on the other side of the sword. So the third guy, this very old guy, went out there, old rusty beat up sword. He jams it down into the sand, puts his rice paper up there in the water in the current, lets it float, and it floated down and came to the sword. And it went around it. And went on. Revolution, and the new revolution, is just don't take the gauntlet. I mean if you've been in jail don't let 'em push you button. Keep away from anger.

Argus: How're you going to tell that to Huey Newton or the Black Panther Party?

Kesey: Neal Cassady one time, he was driving in downtown Santa Cruz, he was just so wired, he made a U-turn in front of a bookstore. See, you're doing a thing like "Have you quit beating your wife answer yes or no." So this cop stops him, comes up and says, what are you high on? And Cassady says, "Obitrol, officer, obitrol." And the cop says, "Alright, get out." So Cassady got out, and he starts to search Cassady, and Cassady reaches into his pockets and both pockets were full of pills. He grabbed the pills in his hands in the bottoms of his pockets, and pulled them out, and the change spread everywhere, and he shoved the pills back in there, and began to pick up the change and run around. Until finally he just kind of faded away. There's no sense in going

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BAM!



PHOTO/Thomas R. Copi

STRIKE

By REX HAUSER

The University of Michigan was shut down March 20th through April 1st by a black led strike which successfully mobilized mass student support and partially immobilized the normal racist functions of the university. The strike, initiated by the Black Action Movement [BAM], a coalition of black student and faculty groups, centered around several demands. These included increased black enrollment, intensified recruitment, increased financial aid to black students, the establishment of a community located black student center, tuition waivers for minority students, a black studies program determined by a university-community forum, and increased enrollment and recruitment of Chicano students. The list was climaxed with the demand that blacks be referred to as blacks and nothing else.

The center of the two week controversy was the requirement that President Robben Fleming and the regents make a definite financial commitment to 10% black student admissions by the fall of 1973. This would mean 3,000 black students as compared to the present 900. Despite the administration's initial commitment to the 10% goal, their proposed method of finance would have allowed for only 7% admissions. Currently 18% of Michigan's college age population is black while only 3% of the student population at the state-supported university is black.

The black demands were initially published in the Michigan Daily on February 3rd and were first considered at a regents' meeting February 19th. Subsequent meetings which produced no positive results led to black students rearranging and dumping thousands of books at the university libraries. In addition, there was police surveillance of Fleming's mansion, heavy police patrolling of the campus (following the TDA trash/march), and numerous incidents of police harassment (ID checks, loitering arrests, etc.)

The Black Student Union, a forerunner to BAM, originated out of heightened black consciousness following the execution of Martin Luther King. Black students chained themselves in the former administration building and made demands which, over two years later, have yet to be implemented.

This is the year to stop faking it and BAM has amassed the support of more than 75% of the university's 36,000 students. Cries of BAM'S GONNA SHUT THIS MUTHAFUCKA DOWN, AINT GONNA BE NO SHIT-TIN' AROUND! reveal students' newfound commitment to obtaining a relevant education.

Excitement generated around the BAM demands overshadowed a New Mobe STOP THE DRAFT demonstration on Thursday, March 19th. Mobe trashed its plan to march on the local draftboard in favor of a support vigil outside of the regents' meeting which was supposed to yield definite action on the BAM demands. About 600 people milled around the People's Plaza (formerly Regents's Plaza) until BAM leaders emerged from the building and declared a strike.

The people streamed out onto the campus and through classroom buildings to spread the word. They returned to the plaza with more than 2000 people and began to exorcise the Administrative fortress. Armed pigs trotted onto the scene to put down the confrontation that they created. Although photographs of the battle show rocks being thrown by white people, five black students were the only people arrested. Many witnesses theorize that a white police provocateur threw the rock which sparked the violent demonstration. Nevertheless, one unguarded pig-car in a parking lot was completely trashed by a band of young guerillas.

For the next six days there were

pickets at all the classroom buildings. Groups roamed the halls banging on wastebaskets in true YIPPIE manner and liberating class after class. Women's groups disrupted two university parking structures and three major intersections. Professors held classes in libraries, museums, restaurants, and closets. Every day the Michigan Daily (a university publication) was filled with letters from hundreds of university groups. "We the undersigned support the demands and non-violent strategy of the Black Action Movement..."

By Thursday, March 26, it was announced that university maintenance workers had agreed not to cross picket lines. The next day the School of Business Administration, the Chemistry Building, and the Econ Building didn't open. Almost all the food services to university housing did not function on Friday the 27th. Class attendance at the university's largest school, the College of Literature, Science and the Arts, was down 90%. Facilities at the Center for Conflict Resolution and the Institute for Social Research were turned over to BAM leadership after the employees walked out in support of the strike.

At 6:00 PM Friday, Fleming made the announcement that the university faculties had promised they would be able to find enough funds in the various schools and departments to make the 10% black enrollment in three years a reality. Immediately, the mass media came out with "The demands have been met." The black leaders, who had been in negotiation all day with both Fleming and faculty representatives, were never told about this ruse.

March 30, Saturday, brought seven hours of plodding "negotiations" and a statement by Fleming assuring 10% black enrollment by 73-74 on a unit-by-unit basis with each department acquiring funds separately within the present economic framework.

Late Sunday evening Fleming again violated the negotiating agreement against press releases. BAM leaders walked out and the talks broke off immediately. BAM demanded a public and private apology from Fleming and, as BAM spokesman Ron Thompson said, "It's our position that there have been no negotiations so far."

Two hundred fully equipped state riot pigs were stationed at the Ann St. National Guard Armory on Monday. Five carloads of state police officials were spotted cruising into Ann Arbor early in the morning to confer with city pigs and prepare for a possible civil disturbance. BAM had met with police and city representatives and consequently issued a leaflet warning pickets not to verbally or physically obstruct students or workers.

As the strike daily (the Rainbow) stated clearly, "Remember- we MUST maintain non-violent picket lines. We are responsible to only BAM leadership which has continuously stressed non-violent tactics. Vanguard thrashers will be assumed to be pig provocateurs." This atmosphere prevailed throughout the strike and held back the high energies of the people. Within the context of an isolated, almost lily-white ivory tower, non-violent tactics were perfectly effective in massing white student support and gaining the most minimal of black demands. The primary consideration in the violence vs. non-violence debate was what could most effectively keep the pigs off campus.

As the struggle escalates, however, it will become clear that the means to obtain black power and hold it against pig attack must be developed without the inhibitive fear of reprisals or repression. As it was, no one was prepared to combat police repression, and thus BAM leaders had little choice but to call off picketing and mass demonstrations for the next two days until the strike's settlement. Fleming's clever manipulation of the power media and the nearby

By DAVID FABER

police presence created a situation in which BAM lost the upper hand and the ability to call the shots.

Wednesday night, April 1st brought an end to the strike with the administration and the regents having accepted most of the demands. The demands calling for a black studies center in the Ann Arbor black community, tuition waivers for minority students, and no reprisals against strikers were rejected. BAM leaders and strike supporters met in the Union Ballroom to celebrate the successful conclusion of the strike. "It was a first step, a first substantial step," said one BAM leader. Anthropology Professor Gloria Marshall put it succinctly. "We say there can be no total victory until the racist malignancy either consumes this country or we cut it out. We will fight on, because like all mankind we hope, and because we're arrogant enough to know we'll win."

So the BAM strike terminated with Robbin Fleming having kept his campus well under control, Governor Milliken having profited politically with praise for the administration and elusive condemnation of outside white agitators, and the BAM movement having accomplished most of its "goals."

This short-lived movement was the heaviest widespread thing to hit Ann Arbor so far. What must now be analyzed is what real gains were made toward the humanization and revolutionization of students and the university.

The effect of the strike on student consciousness was to appease liberal consciences and give whites the feeling of being non-racist if they participated in strike activities. White student consciousness was not expanded so that white students no longer use the black movement to their own purposes (i.e. assuaging white liberal guilt). In a real sense, the BAM strike was dependent on a white definition of reality: the Michigan Daily, the strike daily (Rainbow), the Ann Arbor News, and countless leaflets were not produced or controlled by black people. When a group of media people from the Argus, West Coast LNS, the Daily, and ARMedia got together to conduct a promised interview with BAM leaders, they had to wait eight hours for it not to materialize.

The BAM demands were remarkably moderate; justice within the context of the existing educational system would dictate that 18% of the college enrollment be black. The percentage is of little consequence in that the Michigan legislators will probably deny or manipulate funds to their racist advantage.

The walls of the university have been shaken and it still remains the aloof citadel of academic power which doesn't belong to the people. It continues in its war research designed to obliterate non-white, Third World aspirations across the planet. It has no intention of making itself relevant to the educational needs of 20th century black people. Therefore, the revolutionary task at hand must be to take this destructive machine, annihilate it structurally, and turn control of it over to the people who have historically been denied access to it.

2100 more black people at the University will inevitably revolutionize the institution and open it up to a further expansion of non-honkie consciousness.

I was apalled when a BAM leader congratulated police chief KKKrasny for his handling of the campus scene near the end of the strike. The audience in Rackham auditorium applauded. The creation of a just, non-oppressive human system cannot be dependent upon the will or generosity of honkies. Behind Fleming's liberal facade is a system which is racist on all levels and must be attacked on all levels until revolutionary forces under leadership of the black vanguard seize control of the university and turn it over to the people.

DETROIT—John Sinclair, Chairman of the White Panther Party, has once again been denied the right to an appeal bond which would set him free. This time the denial came from Federal District Judge Frederick Kaess on April 2 in the Federal Building. Kaess refused to accept jurisdiction in the case, saying, "If every decision of the state court got appealed to federal court, why, we'd just have too many cases."

The hearing was such an obvious fraud from the onset, the pigs' conspiracy was so tight, that brother John was not even allowed to show up. They shipped John Sinclair all the way down to the madness of Jackson Prison, stole his hearing right out from under him, and then trucked him back up to Marquette, Siberia, on the morning of the hearing. Nobody knew where John was. The first thing people's attorneys Chuck Ravitz and Sheldon Otis did was to demand to be informed of his whereabouts—even they didn't know. The judge and the rest of the pigs smirked at the 150 freeks who had gotten up at 7:00 am in hopes of seeing their brother.

The farce went on for about 2 hours until the inevitable denial was handed down. No one really expected John to be cut loose, neither us nor John nor, least of all, Judge Kaess. If there had been any pretense of a fair hearing, any real chance that John could receive a bail, then he would have been there so he could have come home with us. But the pigs at this point have no intention of letting John out among the people at any time within the next 9½ to 10 years.

The hearing came off without incident but the assembled freeks were starting to bristle at the arrogant marshalls, and we were all pissed off at not getting to see John [not to mention our general discontent about waking up so early, and the weather, which was cold and snowing]. Revolutionary lawyer Ken Cockrel, who is Ravitz' partner, knocked on the courtroom door so loud as to cause a few seconds disruption in the incredibly dull hearing, and was refused entry by a U.S. Marshall. He stood outside the door for most of the hearing.

After all the legal double-talk, which was carried on at such a low level that half of it was not even audible to the crowd, Judge Kaess went into a drunken monologue and refused to accept jurisdiction.

That sprung us loose. Skip Taube stood up and asked plainly, "Why don't you give the man a bond?" "Maybe I'm all washed up," came the Judge's reply. "Tell John Sinclair's kids you're all washed up. Tell Sunny and Celia Sanchez Mao that you're all washed up!". "Now kids...". "We ain't fucking kids, shut up". The U.S. Marshalls, with their handcuff tie clasps, tried to hustle us out, saying, "Don't start no trouble, don't start no trouble." "Trouble! The trouble's already started. Your kids are smoking dope and reading Che. They'll murder you in your beds. You fools are in bad trouble!"

We held a makeshift demonstration in the main hall and on the front steps of the Federal Building, looking resplendent with our flags, signs, and warpaint. Got hassled by the pigs, freaked out the straight news media, and drove home looking blankly at each other. Though no one wanted to admit it, there had been a point for each of us in the proceedings when we thought that maybe, just maybe, they would let John go. But now, with that last desperate hope squashed by Kaess, most of us were reaffirmed in our belief that the pigs handed down their verdict long ago. Our appeal will have to be made in the streets.

On Thursday, 30 April, there will be a mass demonstration at noon on the steps of the Capitol building in Lansing. Just like when the pigs were gonna murder brother Huey Newton but decided against it after the people got together en masse to show that they were pissed off, and would not stand for Huey's execution, we have to show our love for brother John and serve notice to the pigs. They will bow to the will of the people only when the people show their strength and make the pigs realize that they have no alternative. As Chairman Mao put it, "Liberation is won by the people through struggle, it is not bestowed by anyone as a favor."

FREE



PHOTO/Thomas R. Copi

JOHN!

ARGUS PAGE 5

Pun



[Note: This is an interview with the co-founder of the White Panther Party and its Minister of Defense, Pun Flamondon. Pun is a fugitive of injustice, having been charged with three dope counts in Traverse City, Mich., Chicago, and New Jersey. He is, more significantly, charged with conspiracy to bomb the CIA office in Ann Arbor in October, 1968, along with John Sinclair, and Jack Forrest, and is charged with the actual bombing. He has been underground for over six months, and will continue to remain so—an outlaw making revolution in the mothercountry. The interview was conducted in the men's lockerroom of Forsythe Junior High School, where Pun is an assistant gymnastics teacher.]

Argus: Well, Outlaw, how does it feel to be deepin the belly of the great white whale?

Pun: Well, it hasn't really been any different than what it has been for the last few years, since the youth culture has been growing and developing, cause our whole culture is outlaw, our whole lifestyle is against the law. From fucking to smoking dope to our music. They wanna stop us from fucking, they wanna stop us from smoking dope, they wanna stop us from listening to our music. But now, when you get into a position where the FBI is looking for you, it's just intensified, and it's a little easier to deal with, I think, because things are more pronounced. The line of demarcation is more pronounced.

Argus: Well, I just think it's a great inspiration to most people because most people think, "Well, Jesus, if I get caught I'll just have to go to jail," and you ain't in jail, you know. It's a great example for millions of people to relate to, what it means to be an outlaw. It doesn't mean being in jail, it means going out and making revolution in the mother-country.

Pun: Right. That's one reason that, when I went underground, about six months ago, I didn't split the country, as an example to other people. It does two things, it shows just how fucked-up and how lame the pigs are, and it shows people that there are other ways to deal with the madness that is going on than to just go to Canada, or go to Sweden or wherever people go. There is a whole bunch of people in this country who are leaving, and that is an incredible energy drain on the movement. There is an energy drain from army deserters and draft dodgers, they get jammed up and just split the country. I understand that there are something like 40,000 or 60,000 people in Toronto alone, who are army deserters. What we would like to say to those people is stay in the mother-country, and organize in the mother-country, and try to bring about an end to this fascist terror that's going on. Mao calls it flightism, avoid flightism. There's other brothers and sisters who get busted for dope, and are facing big prison terms for dope, and we would just like to encourage them to stay here, stay in the country, and get it on. And it can be done, because the White Panther Party wasn't tuned into some kind of international communist conspiracy or

nothing, we were just trying to deal with the situation on a day to day basis. And what we found out is that there are people all over the country who will feed us, hide us, and take care of us, and there is a real underground developing in this country now, it can be done. I went all over the motherfucking country, I've traveled more since I went underground than before I went underground, living with people, talking with people, trying to raise their consciousness, and my consciousness has been really expanded at the same time by listening to other people's ideas. Ideas, as Mao Tse Tung says, come from the people to the people. And we can do this, but we gotta avoid flightism and stay here and make the revolution in the mother-country.

Argus: You've been developing a lot of international consciousness since you've been underground, too. From Malcolm and from the dispatches from Eldridge and things. You should talk about the international struggle, and how it relates to the White Panther Party.

Pun: Well the biggest thing, the biggest influence on me, is that I've just finished reading *Malcolm X Speaks*, which is his speeches and writings after he got back from Mecca, after his historic pilgrimage to Mecca. The internationalist trip is just an unlimited source of energy and inspiration, when you get into it and when you understand it. It's like this country can't deal with the brothers and sisters going down to Cuba to cut cane, because that does two things. The people that go there find out that the Cuban people really love them, really love the people in this country, and it shows the Cuban people that the people in this country really love them too, and that we're willing to get started on some meaningful international relations. And so now we read in the press that fucking punk Eastland, Senator Eastland and the rest of those sissies say that the brothers and sisters are learning guerilla warfare. Well I personally wish that they would, that brother Fidel and them cats would find time and find ways so brothers and sisters from Amerika could go down there and learn some guerilla warfare. I know I'd be down there right now. But I know that Castro is concerned with his eight million brothers and sisters. He's concerned with just feeding

RACE WAR

[Note: Brother David Hughey is one of the four brothers in New York charged with a series of bombings against corporate Amerika during last year. He is currently free on \$20,000 bond.]

Will there be a race war? Only a white middle-class movement can ask that. Blacks and Vietnamese know that there has been a race war all along.

What is changing is that white civilization, the white race is being forced off the throne. The oppressed races are on the offensive. The east wind is winning over the west wind. This means that more and more casualties are going to be white.

White civilization will be forced to pull its strength together, to exterminate those whites who have rejected it and to continue its struggle for power over the other races with escalated genocide.

In order to wage an effective struggle from the underground we must deal not only with racism but with the reality of our own race.

We dropped out of the American way: we are its antithesis. But we can't drop out of the white race. Our consciousness is white consciousness, as much as it has been shaped by black culture. We have inherited the total experience of our race. We are born with it. That is our fate.

The white guerilla has to chose between two roles, between two armies: (1) the white army of black will (2) the white army of our own consciousness.

Black military strategy will flow from black consciousness. The white race has the technology to exterminate all blacks. Only black consciousness can develop a strategy which will lead to the greatest victories for the black revolution while keeping the genocide of black people as low as possible.

As agents of black will we would be fighting on the side of a rising civilization: a far more powerful experience than suffocating in a dying one. But our role could never be the highest expression of

[Continued on Page 21]

RAISE WAR

By DAVID AMERICA

DETROIT—It is early morning, 26 March and we are sitting in an air-conditioned, wood paneled conference room on the 23rd floor of the Cadillac building in downtown Detroit.

Sitting with me are a Michigan Daily reporter, a few friends, and five men with hair shorter than a crewcut. They are from various factions of the political left, and, up until 18 February, had various lengths of hair. On that date, they were arrested for taking part in an anti-GE demonstration, booked, and had their heads shaved by Harvey's goons in the county jail, within hours of their arrest, and within minutes of their bonding out. At the head of the table sits Ernest Goodman, an attorney who has agreed to sue Sheriff Harvey for \$200,000 on behalf of these five men.

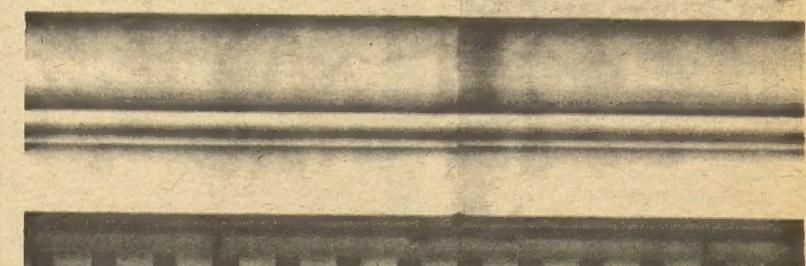
Three other men are also involved in the suit, but they didn't show for the day's session.

Here also are some of the women arrested that same day, with their hair uncut. Goodman tells us that the day's court session will center on trying to obtain a temporary injunction against Sheriff Harvey cutting anyone else's hair until a final decision can be reached. We are to meet him in Judge Gubow's courtroom on the second floor of the Federal Building, a few blocks away, at 11:00. We split for a Coney Island hot dog, and arrive at the courtroom a little early. The guard unlocks the doors and we walk into a very modern, quiet courtroom.

There are two sections of wooden benches separated by an aisle. We sit down on the right-hand side. In front of us are two large tables, a jury box to the left, and a huge elevated complex at the extreme front, flanked by a door on either side, with an empty, leather-covered chair in the middle, at least three feet above the level of our benches. The whole courtroom looks exactly like church.

Sheriff Harvey walks in wearing a

[Continued on Page 20]



A familiar symbol graces the downtown main office of the Ann Arbor Bank, famous for its extended mortgages to landlords whose tenants are on Rent Strike, low-interest loans to big real estate developers, enormous "service charges" to students, and its Campus Branch on South U., whose windows have been trashed three times in the last five months. PHOTO/Kip.

them and harvesting ten million tons of sugar, and I

strategy, or sabotage. But, like I said, I wish they were. Argus: The pigs want to execute Bobby Seale right now on the bogus thing in Connecticut, along with fifteen other brothers and sisters, including Erika Huggins. It seems that conventional methods of dealing with this kind of thing have sorta flown out the window when you consider what the pigs have done with brother Bobby.

Pun: Well Bobby Seale man, that's like Huey Newton. Those motherfuckers wanted to gas Huey Newton a while back but the people rose up in indignation and demanded that Huey Newton not be gassed. And like I tried to say in a article I wrote a while back, the newest, most powerful, most advanced gas chamber in the world couldn't gas Huey Newton cause the people wouldn't let it happen. But like Eldridge says, we're getting down to the nitty-gritty now and we're not gonna miss no nits or no grits, and I don't know how to say this powerfully enough, but Bobby Seale has got to be cut loose. Because it's just getting out of hand. There's just no way that you can deal with fascism in any kind of organized, legal manner. You can deal with it in an organized manner by all means—organized, revolutionary armed violence against those motherfuckers to cut Bobby Seale loose. We gotta do something. Because they're just trying to intimidate the other members of the party, they're trying to intimidate the people at large. They figure if they can get away with putting Bobby Seale in the gas chamber, they can get away with frying anybody. But we just gotta show them that we ain't jiving any more and that we're going beyond any sort of turning back point now.

Argus: Well, the success of the brothers in Latin America, ripping off fucking U.S. ambassadors and Guatemalan foreign ministers and shit, and demanding that the people be set free, is really inspirational.

Pun: Yeah it truly is, man. We could just kidnap five or six hundred of those motherfuckers, cause it's gonna take about six hundred of those motherfuckers to even halfway equal Bobby Seale. So we think, well fuck, we got a whole lot of things we can do. We could kidnap the motherfuckers, we could assassinate the

motherfuckers, we can blow up their mommas, we can blow up their grandmas. It's just outta hand, and it's a crying shame that it's gone this far. And the only way it's gonna stop or change at all is if the people just get so pissed off, and they realize they ain't got nothing to lose, and they got everything to gain, and they start moving on that shit.

Argus: We were talking about this before, the thing about the Conspiracy march, towards trashing, when seven white men get put in jail; but when Bobby Seale gets kidnapped, and Fred Hampton gets murdered, you know, and there's all this liberal sympathy. It just seems to me that it really brings out the racist thing just that that kind of situation could happen with people doing nothing about it.

Pun: Yeah, how 'bout that, man? There's seven white mother-country people get sentenced, and people got out and do millions of dollars worth of damage and shit, but like you said, when Bobby Seale was gagged, and now he's extradited to Connecticut, and Fred Hampton was wasted in his bed, man, after he was drugged, and what happened? Nothing happened. People did a little bit of shit, but nothing, man. I know if I'd been there, there'd have been some ass-kicking one way or another. I'd have kicked ass or died trying. People just cannot be intimidated behind that shit, man, because that's how they been holding us back all this time.

Argus: It's a totally defeatist trip. It's like they can get away with this shit and we just stand by.

Pun: Right. It's like they can put John in jail, put John Sinclair in the slam for 9½ to 10 years, and we ain't done nothing yet, I don't really think we have, not anything near what needs to be done. That's why I really relate to the Weatherman, I really gotta relate to them, cause they ain't giving out no position papers, man, they don't have to call no press conferences on where they stand on Vietnam and liberation and shit, cause, like they say, actions speak louder than words. And all I can say about the Weathermen, man, is power to 'em, I think they're a great inspiration to everyone in the mother-country. And after what happened, with sister Diana, to sister Diana Oughton, and that other brother in New York.

Argus: Ted Gold.

Pun: I would just think that that would inspire people to a higher level of revolutionary violence, to avenge ourselves of these brother's and sister's deaths. Cause they were doing it for the people, and I believe that now people are gonna carry on and pick up their weapon, as Che said, and their hand will reach forward to pick up their weapon. I understand in Ann Arbor we're moving to have a Diana Oughton Memorial Park.

Argus: Right on, along with Fred Hampton Memorial Park.

Pun: I believe we should have yearly celebrations on Diana's birthday, or something, because what we have to do, people have to hold her up for the masses of the people to see, cause the masses of the people don't know how to be revolutionaries yet. They have the potential to be the most far out revolutionaries on the planet, but we have to hold up the right images, the right things to strive for, or they ain't gonna know. So Diana and these other brothers and sisters are our new heroes.

Argus: What about John? Like you say, we haven't done nearly enough, which I agree with, but the position that we have to exhaust all legal means is in effect right now. And we still have his conspiracy trial to deal with. What do you think?

Pun: Well, we do have to exhaust all legal means, like you say, because that's a way of further heightening the contradictions, and that's a way of showing the people that we're willing to do anything. We're willing to fight in the streets, we're willing to fight in the courtrooms, we're willing to fight in the alleys, anywhere the pigs are we'll fight 'em. But, Kapigian, the narc that busted John Sinclair, that motherfucker's still walking the streets. He owns a clothing store in Detroit.

Argus: No shit?

Pun: He owns a fucking clothing store in Detroit.

Continued on Page 22

RENNIE

STRIKES

AGAIN!

By RENNIE DAVIS

CHICAGO—Ma Houston is a strong, outspoken black woman in her sixties who's been a radical activist in Chicago for as long as anyone can remember. She used to come to our trial a lot and sit in the back row with a great big Conspiracy button pinned to her coat. Behind Cook County Jail's door, Ma Houston is a friend.

Even when the whole world forgets, or is too busy to remember, Ma is standing outside some cell, pushing through candy or papers and checking for a message to be passed along, or asking about outside business that needs completing. There's enough trust for this black woman inside the tiers and bars of Cook County to overthrow a government.

So when the Conspiracy raised bail money as a small gesture towards solving the monstrous problem of seven white men walking out of Cook County while 2000 blacks stayed behind, we asked Ma Houston to help. Ma proceeded to push and shove with Warden Moore, and managed to change money into free human beings. She hustled papers and fingerprinting and ID and photographs until the 16 men who were bailable on the two prison tiers that caged the Conspiracy for a couple of weeks were actually outside the jail. When they were all out, Ma said to them:

"Some people will ask you if you're getting messed up with the Conspiracy. There are those who don't think real good of them, but just remember the old lady in the stagecoach who was held up by Jesse James. Jesse went up and down the line taking diamonds and gold watches

from passengers, but when he came to this old woman who held out her bag with only a few dollars inside, he reached in his pocket and pulled out a few hundred dollars and stuck it in the woman's purse. When the passengers came into town and people pressed around them with worried faces and questioned about bad Jesse James, the one woman answered, "Yeah, I heard Jesse James was bad but I seen he treats people real fine."

Ma then led the free men to a restaurant across from the jail.

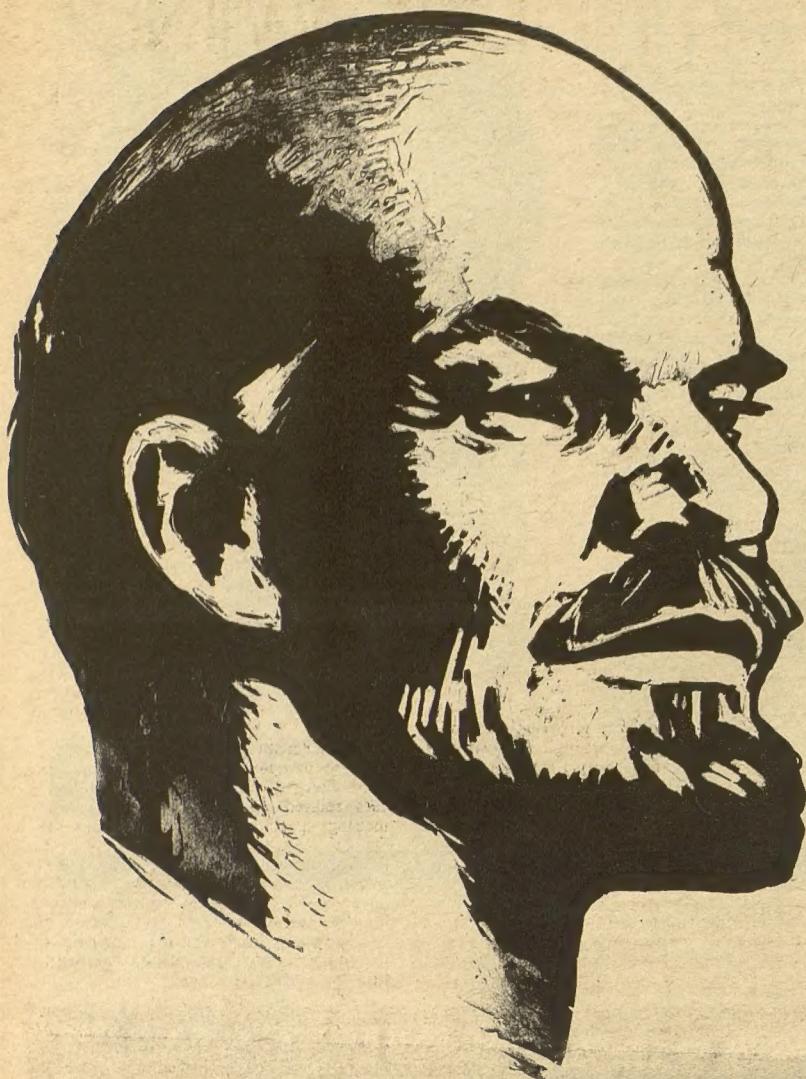
We filled up chairs around a long table and ordered drinks to celebrate ourselves. Ma sat in the center, like a banquet chairman in a winning Vietnamese hamlet. We took our places instinctively around her, joking and chattering. Someone was laughed off the table for asking directions on using a knife and fork. Ma told him, "Hell, you've only been kept to a spoon for nine months. Moe [the warden] couldn't have forgotten ya everything." Whiskey Alexanders were compared with

the poison water they offered up across the street as hot chocolate, and the warden was chewed out for threatening to put a boot to the seat of my pants two hours earlier. It was normal talk for political prisoners come to have a freedom supper.

I say "political prisoners" in the most serious way I can. The man next to me had been serving a year bail was \$250. The indictment against him was initiated by an informant, an establishment puppet

living in his community who supplemented his income by selling people to the government. The informant got a commission for every case, phony or not. There were 16 "stories" of incredible human dimension around Ma's restaurant table, each one testimony that prisoners as a class are political victims. As one man put it, "The judge, prosecutor and public defender are all brothers getting paid and by the same company. But I'm just a bad nigger stranger in the eyes of the company."

On 30 March, the Conspiracy bailed out 16 men representing every prisoner who was squared off against the same stacked system as us. The 16 are people who just happened to be on our tiers. The only difference between their cases and ours is that no one noticed theirs. That restaurant meeting was called to help forward a simple revolutionary principle that should be laid down and made operative until the day we tear the prisons down; that whites who have support from Middle America and can raise bail for themselves must assume the responsibility to raise and equal or greater amount for the political prisoners they leave behind. In our case, we hope the fund can be permanent, that the money will be returned and added to and used for ongoing legal expenses. The funds will be administered by the Chicago Legal Defense Committee, 173 West Madison, Chicago, Illinois. People who want to help should send what they can and show the Supreme Court that its decision justifying gagging cannot stop the Conspiracy from speaking and acting.



APRIL 22

This solid, united discipline and conscious mass struggle against the exploiters. . .serves the higher purpose of helping human society to rise to a higher level and to get rid of the exploitation of labour. To achieve this we need the younger generation which began to awaken to conscious life in the midst of the disciplined and desperate struggle against the bourgeoisie.

—V.I. LENIN, address to the third Kmosomol Congress, 1920.

**V.I.
LENIN**

1870 - 1924

ARGUS PAGE 8

COP CODES

The Argus has compiled a partial list of police radio codes, which is listed below. Knowledge of the code is especially useful when tracking down police activities during police riot situations, using a police ban radio. There are still many numbers which we haven't translated yet; anybody with information on what the missing codes mean should contact the Argus, and we will print supplements to this list and hopefully come up with a complete list.

11	shooting	10-37	command
21	rape	10-38	repeat
31	armed robbery	10-39	meters
33	strong armed robbery	10-40	unmarked car
37	consent forms have been signed	10-41	rest stop
43	hatchet involved	10-42	meet another unit [plain]
45	assault	10-43	meeting officer
51	breaking and entering	10-44	getting gas
54	shooting	10-45	time check
61	shoplifting	10-46	send wrecker
67	robbery	10-47	?
68	larceny	10-48	warrants?
71	stolen vehicle	10-49	taxi
77	trouble with subject	10-50	pick-up service
121	assault with a weapon	10-51	accident report
164	abduction	10-52	check by office
172	vehicle	10-53	?
181	drunk	10-54	arrest
191	prowler	10-55	?
194	fight	10-56	?
221	drunk driving	10-57	?
225	drag racing	10-58	?
231	heart attack	10-59	?
233	attempted suicide	10-60	?
322	traffic hazard	10-61	?
331	blocked driveway	10-62	?
334	car on side way	10-63	?
341	parking violation	10-64	?
351	property damage accident	10-65	?
353	personal injury on private property	10-66	?
354	personal injury accident	10-67	?
361	hit and run	10-68	?
371	car on private property	10-69	?
434	fire	10-70	?
502	stolen bike	10-71	?
511	missing child	10-72	?
521	missing adult	10-73	?
522	runaway	10-74	?
523	malicious destruction	10-75	?
541	traffic hazard	10-76	?
542	disturbance	10-77	?
543	noise complaint	10-78	?
544	suspicious incident	10-79	?
545	barking dog	10-80	?
546	dead animal	10-81	?
547	dog complaint	BLO	be on look-out
552	special patrol	UTL	unable to locate
554	citizen's ambulance request	GOA	gone on arrival
20-31	out of service	UDA	driving away
10-32	disregard	UDAA	stolen car
10-33	standby	XZAR	special service [command
10-34	?	TX	telephone
10-35	break		car]
10-36	?		



764-HELP

A center for help and information on dope has opened in Ann Arbor. Operating out of the Corner House on Thompson and Madison, the Drug Switchboard assists people having trouble of any kind with drugs. People who are overdosed, bummering out, or strung out on bad dope can call the Switchboard at 764-HELP.

"We try and calm the callers down, relax them, and we send out a pair of people to help them if they want it," says Steve Schwartz, the U-M graduate psychology student who heads up the project. Open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, the project is staffed entirely by youth volunteers. The whole thing is informal, and in no way affiliated with the pigs.

"It's a peer thing," Schwartz continues, "but we've got clinical backup." The project aims to give aid to young people, who know from experience the problems of "institutionalized" help. The Drug Switchboard project does not provide medical help of any kind, although they can take you to a hospital if it's necessary. There is no walk-in clinic. If you're fucked up on dope—good dope like acid and mesc or death dope like smack and speed—you can call them up at 764-HELP.

CHICAGO [LNS]—Julius Hoffman's neon-ceilinged courtroom on the 23rd floor of the Federal Building may again be the setting for a conspiracy trial of radicals—if the twelve Weathermen indicted for "crossing state lines with intent to incite a riot" are ever caught by the FBI.

As Attorney General John Mitchell announced the indictments [which came out of the window-breaking, cop-fighting national action to "bring the war home" in Chicago last October], bench warrants charging "unlawful flight to avoid prosecution" went out for the arrests of Mark Rudd, Bill Ayers and Jeff Jones. The three were elected as national officers by SDS last June, before Weatherman repudiated the organization and prepared itself for underground activities.

Also indicted were Kathy Boudin [who is currently being sought by the FBI for her connection with the explosion in a Greenwich Village townhouse in New York last month], Bernadine Dohrn, John [J.J.] Jacobs, Terry Robins, Mike Spiegel, Linda Evans, Howie Machtinger, Judy Clark and Larry Weiss. Warrants are also out for their arrests.

Twenty-eight "co-conspirators" were named in the indictment, but they will not go to trial as defendants. The twenty-eight are: Johnny Lerner, Ted Gold and Diana Oughton [both killed in the Greenwich Village blast], Dianne Donghi, Cathy Wilkerson, Anne Hathaway, Courtney Esposito, Celeste McCullough, Chip Marshall III, David Chase, John Pilkington, Jeff Melish, Corky Benedict, Howard Emmer, Matthew Flanagan, Roberta Smith, Jim Mellen, Mark Laventer, Peter Clapp, Lenore Kalom, Lynn Garvin, Karen Lattimer, John Butney, Brian McQuerry, David Millstone, Sam Karp, Karen Daenzer and Susan Stern.

Most of the twelve new "conspirators"

are members of the Weather Bureau, Weatherman's centralized leadership group. Few Weathermen have been seen in public since the December, 1969 War Council in Flint, Michigan, when the line of "chaos in the mother country" was set down.

Defendants in most political trials up till now have made themselves available in court, and set up legal-political defense and publicity committees aimed at showing up their trials as examples of political repression. The Weathermen probably will not do that.

The conspiracy indictment is for the most part identical to the federal charges which brought the "Conspiracy 8" together for their five month trial. Seven of them—Bobby Seale's case was severed when Judge Hoffman sentenced him to four years for contempt, and he will be tried separately—were found "not guilty" of the conspiracy charge per se; five were found guilty of specific acts of incitement.

The prosecutor in the first Conspiracy trial, Thomas Foran, was quoted as describing Weatherman and its October 8-11 activities as "monstrous." Foran recently described the entire American movement as a "freaking fag revolution."

Movement people have also criticized the actions carried out over those four days—not because revolutionary violence itself is "monstrous" but because Weatherman's anger was often directed against ordinary working class white people instead of just ruling class targets.

Weatherman had hoped to bring tens of thousands of young street kids to help in the "trashing of Pig City," and to radicalize them. But almost all of the 400 people who did show up in Chicago were Weathermen. Almost none of them were new to the organization.

The Weathermen did recruit a small number of young white working class kids for the street-fighting "Red Army" in the time between the October action

and the December War Council. But an internal split in the Weather Bureau between a faction exclusively advocating terrorist action and a group in favor of continued organizing of street kids effectively neutralized whatever organization strength Weatherman had. Shortly after the War Council, Weatherman ceased to function as an aboveground political organization.

An attempt was made to expand their West Coast organizing activity and to create a Weather collective in the San Francisco Bay Area, but by March the Weathermen seemed to have given up on organizing. It was on 8 March that Weatherman's clandestine activity came into the open; the dynamite-bomb explosion which ripped apart the W. 11th street house in New York killed three Weathermen.

The 11th street explosion triggered a police-FBI search for Weatherwoman Cathy Wilkerson [whose father owned the shattered house] and Kathy Boudin. Both were named as co-conspirators in the new indictment. Three men were also reported to have fled the house after the blast.

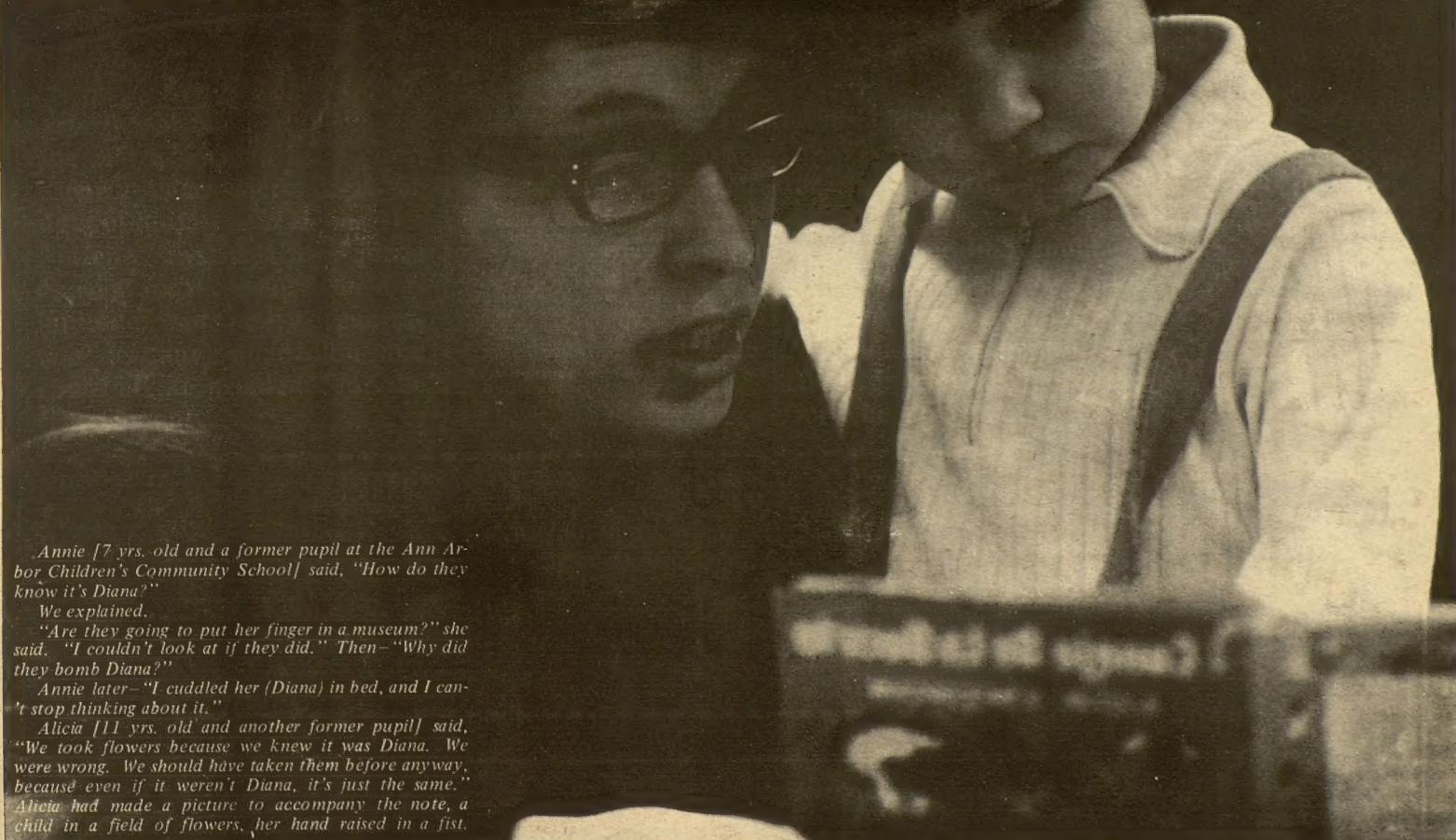
The federal indictments will allow the FBI and police across the country to intensify the search for the underground Weathermen, as well as to continue their harassment of movement people in general.

Aside from the blanket conspiracy indictment against the twelve, they are also charged with specific "criminal" acts related to the Chicago violence—making speeches and phone calls, publishing newspaper articles, planning the demonstration's tactics, holding karate training sessions, organizing into affinity groups, and plotting to "kill, maim and injure" policemen and city officials.

Conspiracy prosecutor Foran said of the fugitives, "It's going to be difficult to find some of these people."

PHOTOGRAPH BY SECKS

DIANA OUGHTON 1942-1970



Annie [7 yrs. old and a former pupil at the Ann Arbor Children's Community School] said, "How do they know it's Diana?"

We explained.

"Are they going to put her finger in a museum?" she said. "I couldn't look at if they did." Then—"Why did they bomb Diana?"

Annie later—"I cuddled her (Diana) in bed, and I can't stop thinking about it."

Alicia [11 yrs. old and another former pupil] said, "We took flowers because we knew it was Diana. We were wrong. We should have taken them before anyway, because even if it weren't Diana, it's just the same." Alicia had made a picture to accompany the note, a child in a field of flowers, her hand raised in a fist.

By ELLEN FRANK

The Ann Arbor Film Festival-World's Largest Festival of Experimental Films-March 10-15, 1970; the annual meeting of the movie clans. 320 films were entered-117 shown-12 hours selected from the showings by the judges for a tour throughout the USA at various stops of Culture and Higher Learning.

I was one of the six judges and saw 35 hours of programmed films. It was really an amazing collection and chronicle of how people are feeling about their times. They used to write novels and poetry and talk a lot-now they make movies.

Cameramen, splicers and viewers are becoming accessible enough so that anyone who really wants to can make movies. It isn't just the universities or the film co-ops. People are buying pieces of film equipment, using it and then lending it to their friends.

Of course the product changes with so many people doing it. The stamp of ARTIST is gone. First to go are the old style stereotyped public image of the "underground films"-those highly personalized often obscure abstract expressionist "feeling" movies that once dominated the Festival. Our times are too adjusted to a *direct* use of this mass media. The New York school, the influence of men like Jonas Mekas, Stan Brakhage and Kenneth Anger has died. The Festival had a few of those films this year-Kenneth Anger's *Invocation of My Demon Brother*, *Storm de Hirsch's The Tattooed Man*, and Nancy Kendall's *Almira 38*. They might have been pleasing to the eye at times, but the style was obscure and strikingly out of time, place and relevance.

Movies are very different without that stamp of ARTISTRY-they are adjusting to a mass use of a mass media. The usual distance between a film and its audience is narrowed. The form is more direct, more often humorous and narrative. Political and social themes appear far more often.

Unfortunately, though there are a lot of people doing it, the Festival looked

like not enough people know how to do it. There is some basic technical knowledge-focusing, using a light meter, when to cut that desperately needs to be passed on. I'd guess this is coming. No matter what the content of a film, a lot is lost if it is underexposed. Of course the fascination with technique can be overdone-UCLA has been teaching people how to do it RIGHT for years but there is very little beneath that postcard perfect glossy color. I am sorry to say Ronald Chase won an award for his three UCLA films-Chameleon, Clown, Fragments. They have Hollywood promise, potential for a slick feature but Hollywood died last year. That flavor is around enough in Time and tv commercials.

THE WINNERS! The judges-Robert Sheffield, Pat Olezko, Buster Simpson, Skip Wendt, Gordon Hitchins and myself-watched all the films, met each night to talk over the night's art and spent seven hours meeting on the Sunday afternoon of the Festival to pick the winners and the 12 hour tour. Each judge was given \$242.50 to allot as he chose.

THE TRAGIC DIARY OF ZERO, THE FOOL. Morley Markson, 77 minutes, black and white. Number one top winner-a very remarkable film by a former multi-media-man [maybe you saw his five-screener at Expo] from Toronto. Zero very much outclassed the other films at the Festival-which says something [I'm not sure what] about American film making. It isn't often that you see a standing ovation for a movie-before the audience is aware that the film maker is present.

Zero is a very passionate and direct film, exciting and confronting because of how it was done, rather than the story or the content of the film. It has qualities of audience confrontation and communication comparable only [among the commercial releases] to Godard, and in theatre, to the Samuel Beckett strain. [The film is dedicated to him.] There are three major characters, all Canadian actors who explore the true event of a love affair between two of them. There are several incredible emotional scenes where Penelope, the woman, speaks to



ED SАНДЕРС

That somehow
the moon had
been cheapened

by the clutter,
the flag,
the mumbles
about steps for mankind.

Just like athletes
praying for victory

so that they might
partake of a
state basketball championship

so did the astronauts,
dip and delve,

shudder and obey.

It was disgusting
And so was president
Nixon

talking to them
standing on the
surface.

It was disgusting.

One small step.
The cancer
shoots out
its spores.

Mining experts
rub their
hands with
glee.

The rat
scurries
in the crib.

Internation

By GENIE PLAMONDON
Minister of Communication,
White Panther Party

Here, in the US we are watching the emerging of a new Youth/Life Nation, we are actively participating in constructing an alternative culture to the death culture of the monster we live in. The monster teaches violence and practices it over the entire planet. We are opposed to violence, *violently* opposed to violence-a contradiction we have to deal with, because we are peace loving people. We realize the power structure in this country is not going to give up its power to the people by peaceful means, and that they are not going to let us build our alternative culture as outlaws from their society. And the whole world is watching us. They see in us, the youth of Amerika, a revolutionary force of such tremendous potential, it's incredible. We live in the belly of the beast, and we have the power, the energy that's needed to take this motherfucker and make it into something real, something good, something that reflects the heart of the people, not something ugly that inflicts pain on everything/body that it comes in contact with.

Just recently I had the most inspiring opportunity to meet with representatives of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam [North Vietnamese] and of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam at an International Anti-War Conference in Stockholm, Sweden, and with representatives from North Korea in Copenhagen, Denmark. It was so incredible to be with these people who have been fighting for their liberation for so many years their people know nothing else but that they must have their freedom, by any means necessary. So incredible to be with these people from the other side of the planet who understand

the power of the Amerikan people even more than so many of us do. We have to understand and take inspiration from the Vietnamese people, a tiny country fighting the most powerful country on the planet, AND THEY ARE WINNING!

And we can win too because the vast majority of people on the planet are on our side! We have to stop reading and watching and believing the mass circulated newspapers and television information media. They are lying. Period. They depict the Vietnamese, Koreans, Cubans, Chinese, on and on, almost everybody, as our enemy, as dangerous communists, criminals, a threat to the Amerikan people. That's bullshit. They are so beautiful. I know now from experience. The Vietnamese and Koreans are small people, soft spoken, but with tremendous energy.

These were official representatives I met with, and they were my brothers. We laughed and spoke seriously and exchanged revolutionary experiences and inspired and loved each other so much it almost broke my heart. And I'm a freak-a White Panther-I don't wear make up or a bra or shave any hair off and I'm not afraid of anything-we didn't put on any airs with each other.

I can remember walking down a street in Stockholm with a North Vietnamese telling him how much we love his people and what an inspiration they are for us, and him arguing with me telling me how much their people love the progressive people of the US and how much inspiration they are getting from us. And the North Koreans, who didn't speak English-one of them spoke German, and then a Dane was there to translate the German into English. They were my brothers beyond any language barrier, we could understand each other and look into each other's eyes as revolutionary people fighting the same enemy, knowing that we

the audience-her face fills the screen, against a black background, and she talks and talks about herself, love, the other characters and the fullness of emotions. Her talk builds, sometimes she cries and chokes and you catch yourself as you realize how much that huge face on the screen is controlling you-and you believe her.

We all have passion and emotion but keep them and their complexities inside. Many people are trying now to let it all out-Penelope does-she gave herself to the audience. And even though she admitted she tricked us at times, we have to thank her and admire her for revealing the meaningless privacy of emotion.

People have never believed the movies-Citizen Kane or Putney Swope-movies are myths built on tricks of the eye and the script. Morley Markson uses real people, talking about themselves right to you. His very skillful but simply composed black and white photography-mostly long takes of only one or two characters-makes the confrontation even stronger.

Zero is a series of revelations-coming from the characters as they talk about themselves, and audience revelations as we come to realize what the movies and the aloofness of the screen has meant all these years. Zero made what *really* happens to people and how they feel legitimate for the screen. It is real, but it certainly isn't a documentary. Zero signals the way movies should and probably will be more real, honest and personal.

MOON 1969. Scott Bartlett, color, 15 minutes. Scott Bartlett lives in San Francisco, used to teach film making at SF State. The people who worked on the film are mostly Berkeley people, including Gene Schoenfeld, alias Dr. Hippocrates.

The Trip to the Moon could be and was dismissed as a very slick pr job because there are too many poor people to spend that much money on the national image/spaceship. But Moon 1969 caught the significance of that

[Continued on Page 14]

alism

wanted the same things, to be able to determine our own destinies and to turn the technology over to the people to provide the best possible life for every man, woman, and child on the planet.

It was truly a revolutionary experience to be outside of the US, to be talking with Vietnamese, Koreans, Danes, Swedes, to be closer to Germany and France, just to see how many eyes are on Amerika now, to feel the apprehension, waiting for the people here to realize what's going on, to get organized and rise up angry to stop the terror. There's been a lot of talk lately about terrorism coming from revolutionary youth groups and from black people here in Amerika. Fuck that shit! What about the terror being waged against the black people right here in our own country? And the terror against the youth from the time they are born starting with their parents beating them, grounding them, forcing them to go to schools where they learn to grow up to be terrorists themselves? There is no terror coming from the revolutionary people, only SABOTAGE, a gauge of the energy and consciousness of the people, a step to armed struggle. We are sabotaging the terror!

We are in a critical time in the stage of development of our country. Everyone I spoke with asked about racism in Amerika. Can we avoid a race war, can we get our shit together soon enough to unite to fight the real oppressor? In Europe they have a lot of information about the Black Panther Party. There are ten Black Panther Party Solidarity Committee offices throughout Europe, and they understand that the Black Panther Party fights racism. Bobby G. Seale is sitting in jail in Connecticut right now facing the electric chair. Genocide is

[Continued on Page 14]

The revolutionists have spread the word. "Come to Ann Arbor, Michigan, this summer. It's an open city under the permissive policies of the Democrats."

Isn't that a riot?



Vote Republican before it gets worse

Monday, April 6

ANN ARBOR REPUBLICAN CITY COMMITTEE
JAMES RECKER, TREASURER

By DAVID FABER
Argus News Analysis

Last month, as Mayor Harris and I were smoking marijuana and plotting the communist takeover of Ann Arbor, I asked him what he thought would be the outcome of the upcoming elections. "Well, Dave," he said, "I'm afraid the concerned citizens have been gaining a lot of support because of that riot I let you guys have last summer. I don't think we can hope for much more than to retain our majority." "Here, Bob, take another toke," I said, wondering how this situation would affect our plans. Just then Pun Plamondon walked in and asked what we were talking about. I told him we were worried about the Republicans regaining control of the local government. "Well," he said, "In that case we'll just have to speed up our timetable. We'll extend an open invitation to all the revolutionaries throughout the country to come to Ann Arbor this summer while the Democrats still retain

a majority. The boys who just got back from Cuba will conduct guerilla training at our free rock concerts, there'll be plenty of dope around so we can hook all the grade school kids and get them fighting for us. We should be able to effect a complete takeover by the time school starts."

"Right on!" said Mrs. Harris, lying naked next to me. "Bob, put on the MCS's record 'Kick out the jams, motherfuckers'!"

Well now the elections are over, and the mayor's analysis proved correct. Jimmy Stephenson and Joey Edwards, the two incumbent Republicans who ran this time were reelected without any problem. These two used to be the most fascistic of the Republicans on council, but Bob Weaver and Lloyd Fairbanks, (grandson of the late Douglas Fairbanks) the two Republican newcomers, more than match their right-wing tendencies. John Kirsch, who scored the sole Democratic victory, is a complete moderate, goddamn mess. Be strong! Be together!

the Republicans on the "Law'n'order" issues. The new council is evenly split, with the mayor's democratic vote giving us a one-vote majority. Of course we may have an unsuspected ally in our old pal Jimmy Stephenson. With his sexual prowess [illustrated in last August's Argus], we may yet devise a way to lure him over to our side.

The Republicans gained their victory in this election by espousing a program which consists, mainly, of running people like us out of town. Chances are they are just paper tigers, but things will be tightening up soon. With these punks in power the harassment of our people will be stepped up in an increasing effort to intimidate us. We must band together now if we are to obtain even such basics as rock concerts, housing, and freedom to walk the streets. There will be a lot of kids flowing into town this summer, and it is up to us whether that will mean a far out time, or just a goddamn mess. Be strong! Be together! who will probably wind up voting with Be beautiful!

QUOTATIONS FROM JOHN JOHN

We started with the idea that all the people should be free to do what they want to do as long as they don't harm other people in the process. we started with the idea that we should be able to live with each other and 'do our thing' and try to make things better for ourselves and for everyone else, and when we did that, when we tried to change things for the better, we were met with an incredible hostility on the part of the power structure and their police lackeys; we were met with an incredible system of repression, arrests, beatings, jail, death and what can only be called, as brother Skip has said ON WIRE, on all levels.

Hermann Weyl (Antwerp) (1928)

We have learned that there is no future in seeking the dress of our grievances through the courts, since the courts are being used as the partisan agents of repression, just as the police are being used against us.

It is not 1954, this is 1970 and the youth movement, the black liberation movement, can not be stopped. They ~~want~~ all the peaceful alternatives you have, they do not work. It seems that the only

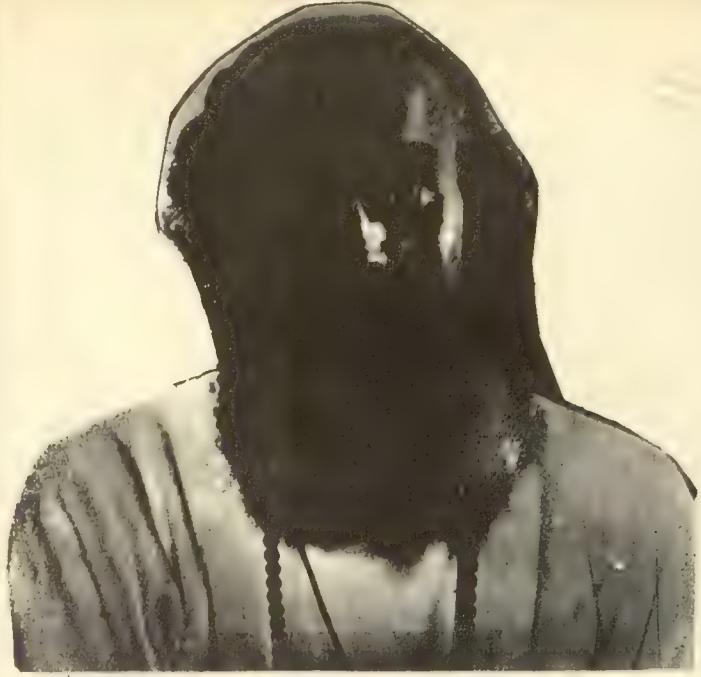
horrible nations of private property and capitalism, both of which have to go right now. That's the old time shit in the world today. You have to get it together, not apart. People have to build jobs, build schools, build families, build marriages, build social and economic structures. There's no need for it anymore. Presently exist are useless and

the disapparating because they are engaged in a program of total degradation and total failure to deal with reality. They hold him up to wake up of they won't get a job. They wake up some morning like the song goes and they say, "Well, we're still here."

White Panther Party 10th Anniversary Platform and Platform 4 July 1969

WHAT WE WANT WHAT WE BELIEVE

BODY! We believe that the only solution to the problems of the people of earth now is to establish a free economy throughout the world based on the needs of all the people all the time, and that any social system which does not provide for the needs of all people must be abolished and replaced by a free social order.



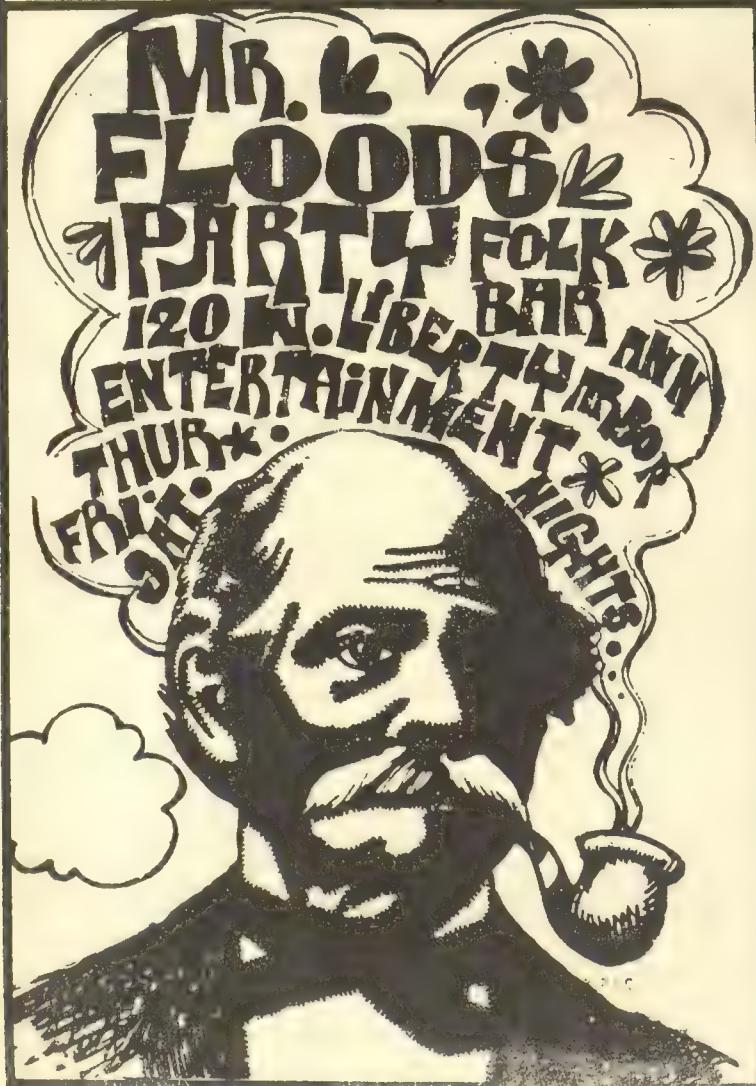
Baba Ram Dass

alias Richard Alpert

Former colleague of Timothy Leary
raps about LSD and Yoga Enlightenment.

April 28

7:30 Hill Auditorium 1.50



ARGUS PAGE 14

Genie

[Continued from Page 10]

being waged against black people as well as Vietnamese people, and is being planned for the new youth nation-what are the American people doing to do about this? Can we allow a race war to totally destroy our country, or are we going to fight racism with solidarity and unite to STOP THE TERROR.

Another group of people I met with while in Europe was the American deserters. There are literally thousands of deserters trying to get their shit together in Europe, watching us from the edge of their seats. The Vietnamese feel very close to these brothers, even though not all of them, in fact very few of them, understand completely what is going on, they knew enough to know that they didn't want to fight to kill people they knew nothing about. The South Viet-

namese tell us stories about how the South Vietnamese people hide deserters and try to help them get to Europe where they can live and educate themselves to the truth. And they want to come home. You know they want to come home and help with the struggle here, from the belly of the beast. We must ask ourselves what we are doing here to help these brothers, what are we doing to make it possible for them to come home?

If fascism is allowed to go unchecked in Amerika, it will engulf the entire planet. It was amazing for me to get off the plane in Scandinavia and see how much decadent Amerikan culture has reached out its slimy tentacles across the ocean. And the people there are getting angry about it and see the danger of it to their lives. We are the people of this country and it is our duty to make revolution. I am convinced that the majority of the people on our planet are

FILM FEST

[Continued from Page 11]

voyage-the insignificance of the earth amidst the universe, the mysticism of the moon, the strength of the earth's elements, especially the ocean that little rocket landed in. The film focused the accomplishments of man as tools were an ingenious and unique use of that favorite psychedelic technique, solarized color which gave a metallic and mysterious gleam to the spaceship, the men and the elements. Electronic sound was finally appropriately used in a very forceful way that really augmented the visual. Most of the Festival films neglected the sound component-urbanites overlook and block out sound because they are daily blasted by it.

The movie closed with a hypnotic epileptic flashing of the image, like a strobe light but much stronger because of the size of the image and the metallic quality of its color. The components and nature of films-essentially the repeated flashing of single images-can be,

though usually aren't awesomely strong. *Moon 1969* took over the nerve system/ the senses of sight and sound of its audience-glued them to their seats.

RIVER BODY. Ann Severson, 6 minutes, black and white. One at a time, against a black curtained background, naked bodies face the screen, then dissolve into the next body. Each person reacts differently to his nudity facing the cameras; some people are at ease, others rigid, some smile or frown or twitch their hand in discomfort. Each body fades and flows into the next. We never see the American Ideal Body-is there one? The film reminded me of how relatively little nudity I had seen-and that is what people actually are. How much clothes disguise what a person looks like. The film confronts the audience with nudity-not vintage Americana sex but what people really are.

PORCH GLIDER. James Herbert, color, 25 minutes. The film is about two adolescents having a summer love affair very much away from the rest of the world. There is a lot of fucking-which seemed to upset the audience a great deal. I don't think it was a great movie-it took far too long to get a relatively simple thing across.

PICK UP THE GUN 10

FIGHTING THE MONSTER IN ANN ARBOR:
WEAPONRY AND ORGANIZATION



By MAO C. TONGUE

It is inevitable that Ann Arbor will be torn up some this summer. If the pigs continue with their policy of massive aggression against our people they will meet equally massive resistance. It's important for the people to be ready for self-defense and prepared to inflict damage on the pigs. We must demonstrate that we will not be fucked with.

Last summer, in the riots on South U., the crowds were operating on a pretty primitive level of organization. The weapons used were respectively man's first and second oldest ways of showing that he is pissed off: the rock and the coke bottle. This was accompanied by much screaming and running back and forth. All in all it made for an inspiring riot and a truly participatory democratic event. However, it was not by any means effective street warfare. The situation of the street people in these confrontations is a defensive posture and will be dealt with accordingly in discussing some possible alternatives of weaponry and guidelines for organizational tactics.

Weaponry

If you are about to arm yourself against the pigs you can do so without a gun. Guns are expensive, hard to get and illegal to possess without registration. Also they create a level of conflict which could turn a riot into a massacre of street people. Here are some effective alternatives.

Slings: The slingshot is in many respects an ideal street weapon. It is cheap to buy, legal to carry, silent,

fast-loading, and ammunition is plentiful and as near at hand as the closest gravel driveway. Also it is in keeping with great American traditions of anarchy personified by Dennis the Menace. By far the best designed, most accurate and powerful slingshot readily available on the market is the Wrist-Rocket, which can be purchased from Arlan's for \$2.50. The Whamo Sportsman, a more compact model, sells for \$1.25, but is less potent. A few hours of practice in your back yard or on the street corner will yield great skill and accuracy with this simple tool. Accuracy is not really important in street fighting. Pigs are bulky and generally slow-witted. Also, they group together in large, lovely targets. A hundred freaks with slingshots can inflict formidable pain upon the pigs.

Slings: The Sling is usually home made, and consists of two lengths of heavy-duty string each attached at one end to a square of leather. It is a deadly weapon, and can propel medium-sized rocks at tremendous speeds. It has certain disadvantages in street use. It requires room to use, as the rock is placed in the pouch, the two loose string ends are held in the hand, and the ensemble is whirled in a circular motion parallel to the body. One end of the string is released with a sidearm motion and the rock is thereby hurled. The sling can't be used in a thick crowd, but is excellent if you're solo, on a rooftop, or standing on the roof of a car. It requires considerable practice to acquire proficiency.

revolutionary; we see the need for and at change. We must unite ourselves, in the perspective of the entire planetary struggle and know that we have revolutionary brothers and sisters all over who are fighting with us against the primary oppressor, the US imperialist, racist fascist government. I don't emphasize enough that the revolutionary people of the planet are our BROTHERS AND SISTERS and they love us and are waiting with open arms and hearts for us to unite with them, and win the just war that we are fighting. All over the planet there are people dying for their freedom, for OUR freedom.

So we must ask ourselves at this point, what must we do? And we know, from the revolutionary experiences of other people, and from our own knowledge, that we must *educate* and *organize*. The only way we are going to win our

However it was good to finally see fucking on the screen-not the romantic Hollywood version with romantic music (the film was silent) and shots of just the two lovers heads as they pant and whisper sweet nothings. *Porch Glider*, like *Zero*, was a non-myth movie-a real divorce from the American film tradition. It showed the real thing, the man driving into the woman. Sex is a pretty common experience but at the most we only talk about it and do it. It is good for us to see it.

The Funnies: American politics and institutions have gotten so ridiculously elaborate that the time has come for HUMOR. What better way to open it up or shut it down than to laugh at it?

CAMPUS CHRIST. J.K. Jennings, black and white, 18 minutes. In a campus atmosphere of violent murder and beatings, a regular college joe jumps into a phone booth a la Superman and turns into Jesus-out to save the crumbling world. His good deeds are usually misguided or unthanked-like turning a racist skeptic into a black man, then beating him whereupon a horde of black kids sets onto Jesus himself. Eventually he is crucified on a peace symbol and rolled into the sea by some red-necked-short-

liberation from a government so well organized as the US government is to become *more* educated and *more* organized than they are.

There is an almost overwhelming tendency among our people to be individualists. We are brought up to think that individualism is good, to live separately in houses with only a few people from our blood family-what a crock of shit. We must organize ourselves on a family level to live communally with our brothers and sisters. We must organize on a community level to deal with specific problems in our own communities. We must organize on a state and national and finally internationally with our brothers and sisters all over the planet. But first, most important, above all else, revolution comes from the heart from the heart of a people UNITED-a true revolutionary is motivated by great feelings of love!

haired bullies, yet is resurrected to repeat his slogan "When the Time comes, there will be much weaving and knashing of teeth."

AIRPLANE GLUE, I LOVE YOU. Howard Lester, black and white, 21 minutes. A 29 year old glue sniffing freak returns to second grade. The general audience reaction—"I was outraged at how funny it was"-Fred Hardware, movie usher. These two films seemed to use that fine twisting of humor brought to us by the higher perceptions of dope.

THE SIXTIES. Charles Braverman, 15 minutes, color & black and white. This decade review, taken from some well selected old newscasts portrayed a pretty ridiculous era of big events and big Leaders. The times seemed to have quickly changed to the deeds of smaller men-the mailman.

It is ridiculous to go through the rest of the winners-it takes too many words to talk about a film. The winners of the Festival were good, much more satisfying and inventive than commercially released films. There is a real gap between these movies, and Hollywood efforts to attract the YOUTH market.

PUT DOWN THE GUN

Both of these weapons are best used for long distance harrassment. If pigs are close at hand and about to club your head, there is no really effective offensive weapon other than a gun. Generally, one must depend upon helmet and clothing protection. However, at least one original defensive device is available.

Flash-gun: The electric, battery operated flash gun has been field tested and has proved effective against maddened pigs. They are relatively inexpensive, and many are pocket sized. They produce a blinding flash which severely disorients people operating under extreme tension. In the field test two pigs were stopped dead in their tracks simply by *seeing* the flash at some distance, not even being blinded by it, while chasing the field tester. You can probably use this to help fellow street fighters in trouble by flash-freaking the pigs.

Spontaneous Organization

Make no mistake, it's nearly impossible to organize the street people in a riot informationally or in any way that requires the communication of verbal information. That is to say that it's unrealistic to talk about drawing battle plans, choosing coordinators, deploying forces, etc. However, it is possible to spontaneously organize to some effect in a riot. This can be done in two ways: 1. Organization of small groups; 2. Non-verbal task-organization of large groups.

Small groups: When a riot starts, get together with four or five other people in an affinity group and hang together. Then you can plan small maneuvers and, perhaps most important, arrange a mutual defense pact, according to which the group will liberate any one of their number if he is captured by pigs.

Task-Organization: This type of organization starts spontaneously when in-

dividuals begin a large task appropriate to a particular riot situation. The building of a barricade is the classic case. No verbal information need be conveyed. People just do it. A sense of task oriented unity is necessary in building a revolutionary consciousness out of a street fight of sudden origin. The barricade is almost an institution of revolution, behind which people unite. On any given street in Ann Arbor it is possible to build a barricade, since there is so much construction going on. A gasoline-soaked flaming barricade would probably be quite effective in impeding, diverting, and confusing the pigs. Similar actions are the seizing of a building, overturning of cars (pig cars in particular), and other forms or non-forms of havoc that require cooperative numbers. Individuals should keep in mind these fun group alternatives to rock-throwing and try to initiate them when useful.

Last summer's riots were a good time, but some changes would be useful for more anarchic and pleasing riots. We should work towards being able to insure the immediate liberation of a brother or sister when captured. We should become more imaginative in our rioting. Rock and bottle throwing is exciting, but there is great variety to be had in mixing different approaches to destructive defensiveness. We will fight the monster, first defensively to protect our people from aggression, and then offensively, to kill the monster in its lair.

This column begins a series of articles informing the community about the weaponry, technology, and strategy applicable to street fighting. The next month's article will deal with non-destructive bombs (smoke-screens, flare bombs, irritants, stinkbombs) and related chemical weapons.



Innuendo!

Martin Strings

do not work

(to the best of our knowledge)

in most yo-yo's

Try 'em on
your guitar

OUR REPORTER SAYS THE CHICAGO DEFENDANTS WERE MOSTLY PATIENT, REASONABLE AND QUIET.....

... Our reporter was Gene Marine, and he says that Judge Hoffman shouted repeatedly, humiliated the defendants and their lawyers before the jury, and treated the prosecution attorneys as friends.

Gene was there—not covering the “highlights” or rewriting wire service copy—and he says the judge mocked the defendants by clowning with their names (“Dillinger” and “Derringer” for Dellinger), quaking in mock terror of defense witnesses, and making public cracks about defense lawyers outside the courtroom.

In a 25,000 word report about the trial (and the riots) he says that Bobby Seale was polite and well-behaved and that his outbursts came only after provocation. He says that Seale was slugged in the courtroom while the jury was absent.

Gene says that Malik Seale, age 3, was ejected from court when he started crying at the sight of his father in chains.

Gene says that the judge okayed, for the record, the definition of “subversive organization” as “any organization that could create problems for the city or county.”



EXCERPT:

...out-of-town reporters, wire service reporters, news magazine reporters, all wanted to know the same thing: Who are the demonstrators to be? So of course they went to the people who would know: the cops. And—to judge by the stories—they believed what they were told: the demonstrators are a group of young ugly unwashed types known as Yippies, and they are led by Rennie Davis, Jerry Rubin, Tom Hayden, and 53-year-old Dave Dellinger (the latter, obviously unmeasurable for the costume in which Yippies are supposed to be bedecked, becomes the sinister outside manipulator providing the connection to the old You Know Who).

But trust reporters. Given all this misinformation—for the thousands really had no leaders beyond a few sketchy plans, and there was nothing leaders could have done—the press, as it invariably will, found the right way, the colorful guy, the guy who was always good for a quote and a fast good one-and-a-half-minute film insert for the six o'clock news. It was Abbie in front and Jerry close behind and nobody else had a shot...

They arrived on August 15th, and it was a delightful series of interviews. What are the Yippies going to do, Abbie, old boy?

• “Well, we’ve got a bunch of Yippie girls dressed up as whores, but young, you know, and nice, and they’re going to pick up convention delegates and slip acid into their drinks ...”

• “Ten thousand kids, all of a sudden one day, floating nude on Lake Michigan ...”

• “A hundred greased pigs, released one day in the Loop ...”

• “All the Yippies wearing black pajamas, passing out rice ...”

• “Yippie studs whose job is to seduce the delegates’ wives and daughters ...”

Abbie Hoffman even told reporters that clean-shaven, crewcut Yippies, wearing sober suits, would circulate through the bars and other gathering places, waiting for the opportunity to get into a conversation and interpolate: “You know, these Yippies have something to say...”

When Abbie slyly let it be known that the Yippies were going to slip massive amounts of LSD into the water supply, Daley ordered an around-the-clock guard. When (after they released one pig, who was promptly seized by a cop) Abbie announced that the next plan was to liberate a lion, the guard force at the Chicago Zoo was trebled.

By the day the convention opened, there were about 2000 demonstrators-to-be (by the end of the week, possible 10,000). Chicago has 12,000 cops plus six thousand National Guardsmen and six thousand regular Army troops, complete with bazookas, jeeps, bedecked with barbed wire, and tanks. Tanks? Tanks!

He says that the judge, when picking the jury, asked only the questions submitted by the prosecution. He ruled the defense questions “irrelevant.” Such questions as, “Do you admire Billy Graham?” “Do you have hostile feelings towards persons with differing life styles?” “Have you heard of the Fugs?” Those were irrelevant.

He says that the judge effectively prevented the defense from questioning Mayor Daley by sustaining 70 consecutive prosecution objections.

He says the judge didn’t think that the prosecution’s having had a spy in on defense consultations was grounds for mistrial.

Gene says that all of this and more happened because it wasn’t a real trial, except in the Kafka sense. The day-to-day goings on were not really about what happened in Chicago at all. They were about hair, dope, sex, dirty words, that kind of thing. Misbehavior. And that a whole generation could go to jail in the same kind of trial.

Gene Marine, writing in Rolling Stone, says the trial reported on in the daily papers must have been some other trial.

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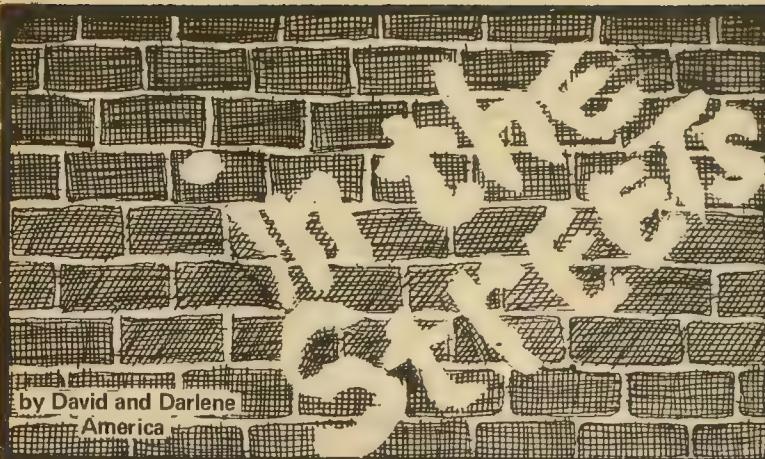
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by David and Darlene

America

Give me money yeah
(That's what I want)
Whole lotta money now
(That's what I want)
That's what I want.

What's with these pop stars anyway? They seem to think that the green is the thing that makes them S*T*A*R*S*. Some of these bands act like walking talking union contracts, $\frac{1}{2}$ deposit in advance, remainder upon completion of

[Note: Part 1 of an interview with WKNR-FM's Jesse Crawford kicks off a series of analyses of our very own rock and roll community. The next In The Streets flash will feature, naturally, part 2, as well as the famous Michigan Clubs and Ballrooms Scandal Sheet.]

Argus: So how's the show, you still just feeling it out?
Jesse: Well, the first week or so I was forced to do the machines thing and the machines were running me around instead of me running the machines, so the first week I couldn't really concentrate on anything to say or concentrate on programming jams or segwaying jams, or really concentrate on anything. I was so flipped out just by having to get this machine together. Now it's gotten to the point where it's relatively easy—it's like typing almost, so I'm starting to fall into it now that I've got the technical aspect down, I can start concentrating on making the show flow, raising the levels of the music and keeping the continuity together and making it interesting.

Argus: How do you plan out a show?
Jesse: As far as getting the show together I just generally go down to the station about a half hour to an hour ahead of time and go up in the AM and look through the oldies; I read the trades and all the magazines, I look for pertinent things that are happening that can be related to music, concentrate on bands that are gonna be in town that weekend, or a lot of local music. I just primarily go in and get a bunch of jams together that I want to play and then I start thinking how they fit together, how they relate together. I'm trying to get it to a point where the actual listening is a killer nice flow and has a nice continuity, but it's almost an educational process because I want to be able to start with, say, a real old blues cut and then move up into an r&b cut, and then move up into an early 50's rock cut, and then take it really far out with, say, a Coltrane thing, and put it all in a series, a relatable series so people can see where this musical idea started, and how it got carried to here and how it got carried to there, and they can actually hear how the jams go together and how they're relatable, so it gives them like a history of a certain motif or a certain idea, say, from the early 1940's all the way on up. Rather than just playing a bunch of new ones together, this and that, I try to put them in some kind of sequence so the people can relate to them. I never program ahead of time; I always open with Cody, but the big thing after that is to get the follow-up to Cody and play a jam that sets the theme for the show—which 'Ozone' does, but the next jam kind of kicks off the hour as far as what kind of music I'm gonna be playing. Generally I'll play an oldie in that slot, like 'Rock and Roll Music,' 'School Days' or 'Hail, Hail Rock and Roll'—something that talks about the music. It lets the kids know that I'm gonna concentrate primarily

ily on rocking out.

Argus: You're playing a lot of tunes the kids have never heard before...

Jesse: It's good for them. There is still a hard-core faction of people who think that the Led Zeppelin and Jimmy Page are the cat's ass. Now, I play a couple Zeppelin tunes, I like some of their jams, but the AUDACITY for them, to take a song which was originally done by Robert Johnson, and call it the lemon song or some shit, and they didn't even give him credit.

They didn't give Sonny Boy Williamson credit for Bring it on Home either. And they didn't give Howlin Wolf or Albert King credit for the killer How Many More Times, The Hunter that they use too... And that's bullshit. And there's still a lot of kids that say, oh man, don't play all those oldies, what are you playing all this spook music—spook music this one kid called it. What're you playin all this spook music, he said that's all right on CHB, but I don't wanna hear none of the Sonny Boy or none of those old Temptations or shit like that. And I said, well what do you want to hear, he said oh, play some Beck-Ola, man, or some Lord Such. NAAH! I mean there's a hard-core faction of kids that up front, just don't know, but you can't tell em that they don't know. You can just say, okay man, in a couple more years, once you find out a little more about the planet, maybe you will know. But there's still a lot of kids who don't want to hear those old jams, and a lot of the young kids, because primarily, a lot of it is new music to them, because they've never heard a lot of that shit. Like kids that are 14 or 15 now, those were a lot of the jams we were listening to when we were 14 or 15. But the vast majority of the kids are getting into it. They like the old blues and the old rock and roll.

Argus: I remember back in my old grease days, some good jams would have definitely made a difference. I didn't get a chance to listen to your grease hour.

Jesse: The grease hour was intense. Oh man, from the Crystals, right down through the Shirelles, the Coasters, the Dynamics, Tim-Tam and the Turnons, Joey Dee and the Starlighters, Tommy James and the Shondells..Phil Spector Kamikaze hour. It was great. But primarily, where I'm at is with the music itself. I mean, I dig rappin, flimflammin, and carryin on, but my program is a little less flimflam and a little more rock and roll, and that's what I'm into. The focus is on the music, I just want these kids to start pickin up on it—they start to...you're hip to the whole media thing, and exposure, you expose people to the stuff, and they can start pickin up on it—they start forming a consciousness around it. So I just want to expose these kids to some pure, organic jams, I mean Sonny Boy Williamson wasn't out there fucking around with his lyrics, figuring out what little psychological hooks he could use, little catches for the kids to relate to and this and that, he was just a crazed

engagement.

Over 30 "name" bands were scheduled to play at the recent Winter'send festival in Orlando, Florida. Although most of them received one-half of their exorbitant fees in advance, Johnny Winter and Mountain were the only groups who felt any commitment to the 25,000 dope fiends who showed up. (A lot of weird shit went down at that festival—see the scoop in this issue of the Argus.) It's a stone drag to realize that some bands and their managers view their audiences as merely 1 one and one-half hour set and \$, \$, \$.

But the chickens are coming home to roost all over the sty, as they say. Like, 3,000 people paid the \$15 to get into Winter'send, and they didn't even care that the Iron Butterfly and the Grand Flunk Railroad punked out. The shimmering hey-day of the Pop Star is just about over, because we can't get no satisfaction from them anymore—their gigs are numbered.

—POP STARS BECOMING EXTINCT, LIKE DODO BIRDS AND DINOSAURS. THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS LIKE NO BUSINESS I KNOW

\$12 Dee-Lux Albums!
Glamorous Outfits!
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Velvet-tongued managers come on with the line of it costs a lot of money to play the music! A lot of things still cost money, but no group of ANYTHING needs 15 thou to gig for an hour or two. And THEN, they think the only way to live is to stay in comfortable neon-walled motels complete with television, occasionally scarfing some skonburgers. WE WANT OUR DRESSING ROOM NEAR THE STAGE SO THE ONLY PEOPLE WE COME IN CONTACT WITH ARE THE DOUSES HANGING OUT ALL OVER THE AMPLIFIERS!

It's the swell Mattel game "Pop Star Syndrome", for the elite at heart. Stash it next to your "Best of American Bandstand" cassettes, and don't forget your autograph session in K'mart's record aisles this afternoon!

Let your hair grow long, buy an electric guitar, be a rock and roll star. Go downtown to the agent man who won't let you down. Meanwhile, in the background, young girls scream! POLITICS TO THE POP STARS!

their head, it just makes them feel good—Wow, yeah, the OZONE! They hear that, and then they go out into the street and they hear someone call Carlisle Dapper Dan, they see it happening in their community, see it happen in the ballrooms, they read it in the newspapers, read it in the Argus, hear it on the radio, and they start thinkin, well shit, this is a killer thing and I wanna get in on it, cause there's all these cats talking about it... And they'll be getting in on something that's good for them, something that will help them liberate themselves.

It's my firm belief that the Midwest is gonna save the country. The West Coast and the East Coast have become so decadent, and the only pure, truthful reality flashes that are being kicked out are being kicked out in the Midwest. Unfortunately the cats from the East Coast and the cats from Hollywood have come into the Midwest and done some considerable fucking with some... like the MC5, what they're running down, what they're into—they've just been fucked with by these chomps. There's so many killer bands from here, they just keep coming and coming and coming, cats like the Richmonde, Shakey Jake, killer shit. The Rationals album is so nice. SRC's album is okay, too. The fact that they produced that, wrote all the music, taped it, they did everything themselves, and they did a great job, the most complete effort from any band around here, as far as totally their thing, getting the album together, taking the pictures, producing, they did the whole shot and that's fantastic. What the Midwest scene needs right now are some righteous cats with a righteous studio so we can make our own records, so the honkos can go get fucked. Underground albums are great—rip those chomps off...

If we could get a killer studio, with maybe two or three studios in it, eight tracks... All the righteous bands in the world are around, we could get the killer artists to get the covers together, local dudes could produce the jams, have everything the way they want it, get it all organized, go on out and get the brothers together and distribute the records and put it at the people's price.

The whole Detroit/Motor City/Ann Arbor/Michigan area is just a wealth of talent that has not been utilized, mainly because people are afraid of organizing. We've got newspaper dudes, filmmakers, artists, musicians, the whole shot, millions of em. The only thing you have to do is get a place to be able to turn out the works, because there's so many talented cats around here...there's so much that can be done with this scene. The freaks could literally take this town over, they could just high-energy all the chomps out of this town, make it such a high-energy, far out, flipped out, goin wild, kickin out the jams scene, that any dude that wasn't into that couldn't live in this town, cause it would be too much for him—he would flip out.

KESEY

[Continued from Page 3]

ing against it. It's a look in your eyes and a tone in your voice, man. The revolution is getting away from that. It's getting so that whenever you go up to anybody what comes off with you is a good feeling, so that there's nothing there for them to poke against.

Argus: Do you think policemen and Richard Nixon and the rich people who run the country relate to that?

Kesey: They're people, man, and as soon as you draw the line and say they aren't people, then you...

Argus: Who's drawing the line? Who's putting people in jail? Who's killing people in the streets?

Kesey: What difference does it make?

Argus: You don't make any distinction between oppressor and oppressed?

Kesey: You're talking about "shoulds," and you're talking about and where things ought to be, instead of where we are as where we got to work from. It's where we are.

Argus: Don't you have any vision?

Kesey: You ask me if I've got any vision. I've got three kids. I mean, I'm invested in this world. I prune my trees even though I'm not going to have fruit for two years in a row. Because I'm doing all I can to try and build a better world. All the time.

Argus: I can dig it but the thing that means...

Kesey: The thing that you want is something that you're going to have to go to find somebody else to get it from, because I can't give it to you.

Argus: I ain't asking for it from you, I'm asking...

Kesey: You're damn near demanding it.

Argus: I'm demanding answers, because I think you have information, and I think people can relate to that. And I think that personal liberation is fine, but it has to be

related to liberating everybody on the planet.

Kesey: No, listen, what this country needs is sanity. Individual sanity—individual sanity, and all the rest will come true.

Argus: Bullshit.

Kesey: You can't do it any other way. You work from the heart out, you don't work from the issue down.

Argus: You don't think it's a heartfelt thing, making a revolution. You don't think that means anything?

Kesey: Not when it tightens your stomach like that.

Argus: I can dig that we shouldn't have tight stomachs, man, but who's giving us a tight stomach?

Kesey: I had to spend six months in jail, taking all the stuff that you're talking about, firsthand, over and over, until you realize that what they want you to do is what you're doing. You're goin for the fried ice cream, as they call it. And as long as you're doing that, as long as that action is taking place, as long as you take the gauntlet, you'll have somebody there to slap you.

Argus: To make an analogy, John Sinclair, when he started out in 1964, was all peace and love, good vibes, one of the first hippies in Detroit. He didn't want to slap anybody down.

Kesey: Cassady served 18 months for two joints. He never mentioned it. There was no bitterness. There was no complaint about it at all. It was unjust and everybody knew that and accepted it and just worked from there.

Argus: You see, Sinclair's in jail right now and he's gonna be there for ten years. To get back to the original thing I was trying to say, because I really want to get something out of it. That's all that happened, he was peace, love and good vibes, and what happened is they jumped on him immediately for that.

Kesey: That's the way it's been for thousands of years. I mean...

Argus: So how do you change it?

Kesey: Just the way he's doing it.

Argus: By being in jail?

Kesey: No, but being in jail, sometimes that's what happens to you. Nobody guaranteed you it was going to be easy.

Argus: So we should do nothing to get him out. We should just leave him in there and let it run its course?

Kesey: I didn't say nothing to get him out. It's karma. You just look into people's eyes and you ask yourself is their karma going up or down. And you look around, and for awhile the karma of the nation was going down. But you look now more and more people—you look into their eyes and they're on to it. They're on to what's going on. And they say all right, you just don't kick a dog every day, every second. Where you are, you don't suddenly get wrapped up in the media issue. Keep away from the media, man, cause that's what done it.

Argus: All right...

Kesey: But as soon as he loses that audience, he loses his most valuable thing. And you see those later pic

Argus: Keep away from the media?

Kesey: The media's what's done it. It's that thing right there [pointing to the microphone] what's done it. I'll tell you. I know because I've been on the end of it so much. The media does a thing it's like this.

Argus: How about making your own media?

Kesey: That's what we try to do. That's what the underground usually is, but as soon as the media finds it and shines that light on it, then you have to move, because they've got you. Every time. You look at the early pictures of Hemmingway, because of who he's writing to. And as he becomes famous, and you see those pictures of him, and you see those people come in with cameras and take pictures of him. And notebooks and asking questions. He gradually changes so that he's not talking to his audience anymore and he begins to talk to this other thing, and he's gettin begins to talk to this other thing, and he's gettin the feedback from that.

Argus: All right...

Kesey: But as soon as he loses that audience, he loses his most valuable thing. And you see those later pictures of him, and he knows what's happening and he's trying to find it again. He's trying to find that thing he once talked to. It doesn't make any difference whether it's the underground media or the New York Times, it's the same trip. And because any time that you're trying to put it into another moment, it's like you're going through life picking stuff out and what you end up with is a corpse. Every time, you leave a corpse behind you.

Argus: You see what I'm trying to do in this is not leave any corpses. What I came to get is information—the way that people can relate to ideas, the way people can make themselves stronger to go out and build this revolution.

Kesey: Well, I'm trying to tell you as much as I know about it. And one of the things is just that if we can get so that we're not distracted by that camera, cause as

Argus: I ate breakfast.

Kesey: The what?

Argus: Then I started working on the newspaper, because we have an issue coming out pretty soon.

Kesey: And tell me how it relates to the revolution.

Argus: Well, what we're trying to do is put down essential information for people to do and it takes a lot of time and struggle and effort but we think it's worth it because when it comes out people can dig what's there.

Kesey: Has John Sinclair heard about it?

Argus: John Sinclair was one of the founders of the Argus, and of what the paper represents, the White Panther Party.

Kesey: Okay, now you see what I mean, you felt it there.

Argus: Well, I don't know.

soon as someone starts takin pictures of me, I stumble. As soon as someone takes that microphone and try it, what did you do this morning?

Kesey: You did feel it man, you popped to it, and you felt it. That's what I'm talking about, it's human. Just keep human. As long as we're human, we're all right. [Gestures with mike] It's this thing, once we got that in between us, we're talking through a filter that dehumanizes.

Argus: Well, you see, not everybody in the world can come here and listen to you talking right now.

Kesey: You can't talk to everybody in the world. There's nothing I have to say to everybody in the world.

Argus: There should be something you have to say to everybody in our culture that wants to try to relate to you.

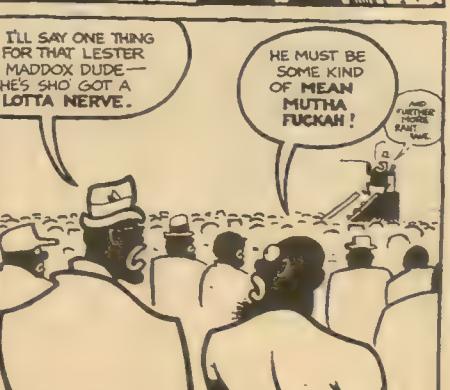
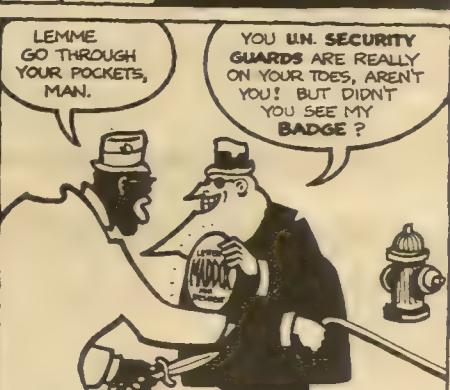
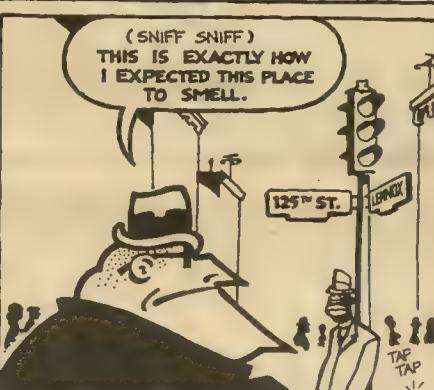
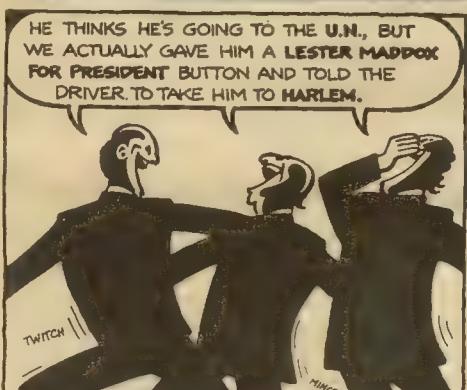
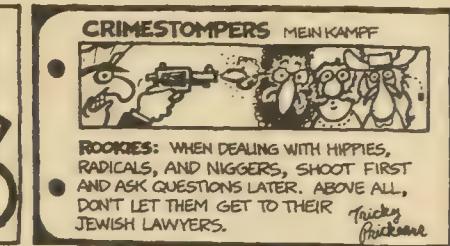
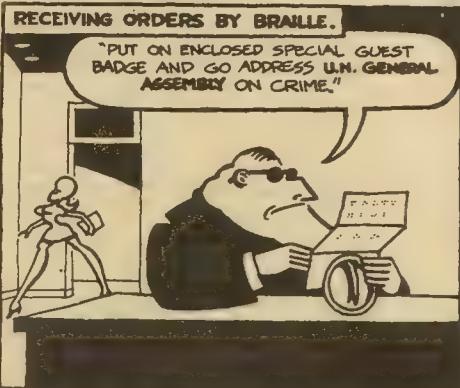
Kesey: There was a wise man who lived up in the mountains and all these people wanted him to drop into the mosque and give em the word on Sunday, so he said all right. He showed up on Sunday, there was this huge crowd of people and he got up there and he says, "Good people, do you know what I'm goin to talk to you about?", and they all shouted NO and he says, "Ignorant people!" and he turns around and he leaves. And so they go back up and say "Wait a minute man, you came through too fast for us, drop in again next Sunday," and he says all right. So next Sunday he's down there and he starts, "Good people, do you know what I'm going to talk to you about?" and this time

[Continued on Page 20]





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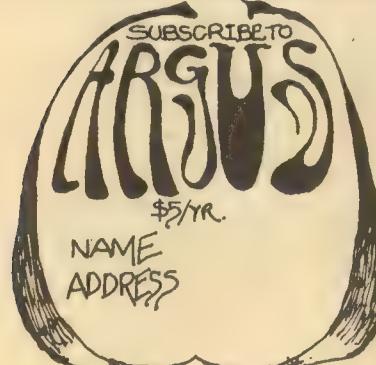
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NO PLACE LIKE HOME



ARGUS PAGE 20

ARGUS PAGE 21

WASHINGTON, D. C. [LNS]—The producers of a police-community relations project in Washington, D. C. found themselves in the strange position of helping to finance the legal defense of sworn enemies of police last week, thanks to the Youngbloods.

Design Center is making a slide-tape presentation titled "Officer Friendly" which will be shown to school children by the Municipal Police Dept. The music they selected for the presentation is the Youngbloods' recording of "Get Together." The Youngbloods agreed to allow the use of the recording—on the condition that their \$200 fee be paid instead to the Black Panther Legal Defense Fund.

WASHINGTON, D. C. [LNS]—Nixon must be getting very uptight about the protest movement, or maybe he's just looking ahead to 1972.

A new bill, supported by Nixon and introduced by Senators Hruska and Eastland, would make it illegal "to utter loud, threatening or abusive language" or engage in "disorderly conduct" in or near a building which has the president inside it.

The Washington Office of the American Civil Liberties Union has issued a statement denouncing the new bill, charging the administration with seeking a way to be "walled off from the voices of dissent and unhappiness in our society."

[From the OLD MOLE] — If you didn't already know that imperialism's days are numbered, dig this information from University of Alaska geophysicist David Stone, as reported in the Florida underground paper Amazing Grace:

If at a given moment, China's 750 million people jumped simultaneously from 6½-foot platforms, that would constitute a "geophysical weapon." With proper timing and arrangement of the people, the resulting ground wave could be aimed at the Pacific Coast of the U. S. and would possess the energy of a very large earthquake.

You know what Huey said about the power of the people.

KESEY

[Continued from Page 18]

they're ready for him and they all yell YES and he says GOOD! and he turns around and leaves. And so finally they say, "Look, man, just one more time, cause somehow it's slipping past us." So he comes down and the third time he starts up there, "Good people!" and this time they're ready for him, "Some of us do and some of us don't." "Good! Let those who do communicate their knowledge with those who do not."

Argus: Well, let's do that. Communicate your knowledge with those who do not.

Kesey: I just did it. It's true, man, it's all I've got, I mean, I know more about my brother's creamery than I do about the revolution. You can't expect me to know stuff about—I don't know about that stuff. I live out there in a little tiny town. My wife goes into the school twice a week. She's a librarian. We have a team of Springfield Creamery Jugs. It started out and it was the laughingstock of the basket ball league because there's all these long-haired freaks and spades with Afro cuts who were getting called by the ref. And when the ref calls, too much of his fascism shows for him to be comfortable about it. He points his finger and then he realizes he's held his finger out there too long and all the spades see it and everybody sees it and as soon as they go against him and play against him, they get their their good game, but as soon as they get ahead they fold. It's cause it's like a covenant, as soon as you go against the wrong thing. Matthew says, "Resist not evil." As soon as you resist evil, as soon as it's gone, you fold. Because it's what you're based on. Finally,

the spades realized that the ref wasn't just calling the fouls on them but on the whole team, on the whole idea of the team, on the way we moved. Every time we'd get out there and play, these guys who were against us and we played against them in their own style of game, you know. It has to do with the way a person stands and the way he moves. Instead of just bopping out there in the field, on the court. As soon as that movement took place out there in the court we'd win. But when we got angry, and got against them, they were better at it than we were. The guys that you're oppsing in this revolution thing, it's not a revolution, it's ancient.

Argus: If you resent it, and you think it limits you so much, why did you let Wolfe write the book [The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test]. Did that inhibit you at all, because obviously that turned on millions of other people who otherwise wouldn't have heard about it.

Kesey: I'll tell you a little story. Wolfe was there, and this was towards the end of the time he was hanging around. We were up at my brother's farm, Spaceheater House, and we were moving this statue up onto the wall, and he had painted it with pigment, he hadn't used the right stuff, so the paint had never dried. Tom Wolfe was out there, and he had his note pad, and me and Ramrod were trying to move this thing up on the wall, and obviously we needed help. And there was only the three of us, and Tom Wolfe was out there, and he was dressed the way he always dresses, in his blue suit, and we finally says, "Goddammit, Tom, give us a hand." So he put his notepad down, and he went to put it up there, and he got this huge swatch of red on the side of his coat, of oil pigment. We stood there, in this moment of realization, and I told him, "You just can't expect to fool with it without getting it on you." And that's the last time I ever saw Tom Wolfe. But I love him.

Raise War

[Continued from Page 6]

brown suit, tie, and a clean white shirt. He pays no attention to us and acts forcibly reserved and businesslike. He takes a seat at the right-hand table along with fat Tom Shea [pronounced "Che"] his county-paid-for lawyer, and turns his back to us.

Goodman, our attorney, walks in with a long-haired associate. Goodman is an old man, but his demeanor is both wise and powerful. He is obviously enjoying working on this case. The bailiff, a gray haired Negro sits at a desk in front of and below the judge's chair. A buzzer sounds. "All rise." Well, almost all. Judge Gubow walks in looking more like Mr. Magoo than Julius Hoffman. He can't be more than four foot ten, and sports an ear to ear grin.

It's a weird atmosphere, we're not defendants this time, no one knows how to relate to that. Everyone stays fairly quiet. The Judge invites the attorneys into his chambers. In their absence, a few cracks are thrown at Harvey. "It's been three days, Doug," in reference to Harvey's statement that the charges against him were ridiculous and that all the hair would grow back in three days.

Everyone starts to get fidgety. Damn, where's the judge and counsel? I start to whistle until someone trying to read a French book asks me if I can translate *miettes*. I say no, and call out to Harvey to see if he knows any French. He turns around and faces us for the first time. He looks impassive. Charles Thomas walks in looking bad. One of us looks over at the suited-up people on the other side of the courtroom and says, "what is this, a wedding with friends of Harvey on one side and us and our friends on the other side?", and some of us

move over with the old people.

The lawyers and the judge come back in. Some legal talk, and then we call our witnesses.

David Wilson, whose brother had his hair cut, tells how he tried to post bail before the haircut but was thrown out of the pigsty. Shea cross-examines. He is constantly writing on a big yellow pad, even as he questions the witness. He starts asking shit about David's personal and academic background. "Are you a PHD candidate?" Objection. Shea says, "I just want to know what kind of animal I'm dealing with," and the judge lets him continue. Shea uses sheer smear tactics. "And where did you get the bail money?" David gets pissed off at this petty, leering old fool and almost blows his cool. Harvey looks at me and I give him the finger.

A hassle develops as to whether Doug is responsible for the actions of his deputies, and the judge finally rules that he's not. Shea asks Robert Parsons, "When did you last wash your hair, before it was cut?"

We call Harvey!

He speaks softly, looks only a little nervous, like he was applying for a passport. Talks fast. "Do you have a written policy on the way detained persons are handled in respect to hair, moustaches, and beards?" "No, it's an oral policy."

Harvey says that only electric clippers were used to cut hair, but our people have already said that scissors were used along with electric clippers. How could clippers cut hair that was over an inch or two long? Harvey finally admits that scissors were used then, but says they are no longer used.

He says he would cut our lawyer's hair even though Goodman is almost totally bald. When asked why he says, "well, it sticks out a little bit and, you

see, we groom it." He says hair is cut for sanitation purposes, to see if there is lice or sores on the scalp. If you're so concerned about sanitation, asshole, why is the jail so goddam filthy? Goodman asks if Harvey would cut his hair to check for lice. Harvey says, "sure." Laughter.

Goodman brings up the point that hair is cut by an inmate, not a professional barber. Why don't women have their hair cut? "My matrons say that women are in general cleaner. I dunno, their hair is not so thick." "Do you think my hair is thicker than a woman's?" "Yes." Laughter. "And you can see a woman's scalp through her hair?" "I can't see into anybody's head." Finally, Harvey says, "For women, long hair is part of their attire." Laughter.

The audience is admonished by the court. Harvey is pissed. He starts yelling at Goodman. It must be weird for him to have to answer some questions after years of, "I'll ask the questions, kid."

We introduce a drawing of Uncle Sam as exhibit and Harvey says he would cut his hair to make him look "presentable." We then present a series of beautiful Rembrandt paintings, culminating, of course, with a portrait of Jesus. Harvey says each time, "Yes it would be cut off," with not a hesitation when it comes to Jesus. Aristotle and Abe Lincoln got a crew cut, too.

A woman with very long, very thick hair testifies, and says that she was arrested on 18 February along with the men. Her scalp was never checked nor her hair cut.

The session ends with Goodman asking for some kind of restraining order to prevent further haircuts until a decision can be reached. Shea objects. The court sustains the objection.

Race War

[Continued from Page 6]

our will to power. Our power would have to be subordinated to black power. We could develop a high fighting spirit. But our morale could never match that of the army whose power flows from its own consciousness.

The guerrilla army of our own consciousness must accept this REALITY: our base of power is not honkie America but honkie America's antithesis. The battle is between us and honkie America.

Black power is threatening to the material comfort of honkies. That's not just John Birch rhetoric. That is reality. The Minutemen will be the guerrilla army of honkie America. They will be the fish in the water.

The struggle between us and honkie America will transform white civilization, bringing it one step closer to its death. There is nothing terrifying about that. Life and death go together. The moment of death is also the moment of awakening. White civilization will have its greatest awakening in its moment of death-in its antithesis: in us.

Honkie America is still sleeping. Life is still boring. People are still dropping out. Now is the time. Surprise attack. We are on the offensive.

Learn from Ted Gold and Diana Oughton and grow off their love for the people.....ours is a cosmic struggle and they are still with us. We shall be free when all the people are free. SEIZE THE TIME, OUTLAWS

Power,
David Hughey

Thomas

[Continued from Page 3]

the church hierarchy of Temple Beth Emmett, the synagogue which two months ago got a restraining order, enforced by two Washtenaw County deputies, preventing Thomas from reading the Manifesto there. Ann Arbor Mayor Robert Harris is also a member of the temple.

"It's an obvious example of how church and state work in collusion to keep the system running," said Thomas, who is currently free on \$1000 personal bond. The trial is scheduled to start May 8, at 8:30 a.m., in Circuit Court 2, Judge John Conlin.

At the pre-trial examination on April 8, defense attorney Elmer White asked for and received permission for all the other undercover policemen operating in Ann Arbor to be read into the transcript. They will all be subpoenaed, so more than just Perrin will be exposed.

Thomas has several witnesses to prove that he did not throw any jagged pieces of cement at anyone, including black author Harold Cruse [*The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual*]. "It's obvious from the way they were trailing me around during the whole BAM strike, and from the fact that it took them two weeks to fabricate a story, that they want a stop put to my reading the Manifesto real bad. It's shaking the church-state power structure more than they can deal with," Thomas explained.

On a happier note, Charles became a father April 7, an 8-pound girl, Darcy Haru Kallenbach.

Nixon's Grandkids

[Continued from Page 3]

aside from detecting mental illness in time to facilitate early treatment, such tests would serve the purpose of "weeding out psychopathic personalities before they reached positions of power."

In the Look article, Dr. Hutschnecker urged "a kind of mental health certificate [that] would be required of all young people as a prerequisite for any job of political responsibility."

HARVARD

Dr. Hutschnecker bases his advocacy of psychological testing on what he believes to be the successful predictive achievements of such tests as those devised in the 1950s by Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck of Harvard University.

Using a combination of social and psychological data, the Gluecks reported that they were able to predict over time that certain children would become youthful offenders as adolescents.

"The government," Dr. Hutschnecker told the President, "should have mass testing on all 6 to 8-year-old children." He said the Gluecks' test and the Rorschach ought especially to be considered, adding that he felt the need for more research "to determine the most effective and least costly method."

TENDENCIES

"These tests," the President was advised by his former physician, "could help detect the children who have violent tendencies. Corrective treatment could begin at that time."

He advocates in his memo to Mr. Nixon corrective treatment of children by teams of young graduate students in psychiatry and psychology. He urges the President to establish day care centers for pre-schoolers, after school centers for older children and guidance counseling for those who show delinquent tendencies.

"The more disturbed, the more angry rebellious, undisciplined and disruptive boys, especially those who show criminal tendencies, should be given aptitude tests to determine areas of interest which should be carefully encouraged. There are Pavlovian methods which I have seen effectively used in the Soviet Union," Dr. Hutschnecker said.

CAMPS

Continuing with his message to the President, the New York physician says: "For the severely disturbed, the young hard-core criminal, there may be a need to establish camps with group activities under the guidance of counselors, under the supervision of psychologists, who have empathy [most important] but also firmness and who can earn the respect of difficult adolescents."

"By governing themselves," he continues, "these boys would learn the meaning of responsibility and of adjusting to life in a group."

Dr. Hutschnecker said he believes his proposal should be treated as "a crash program" for which the government should "extend loans for a large number of students to enable them to become psychologists or psychiatrists."

Out of the Closets

[Continued from Page 3.]

GLF plans to hold a dance in the Union Ballroom as soon as it can be arranged, and hopes to continue social activities where gay people don't feel the usual repression.

There are weekly meetings of the Gay

Liberation Front. If you are gay, bisexual, or just interested in liberation struggles, contact Mike Jones at 665-7502. In the next issue of the Argus there will be an interview with GLF representatives. Up the Ass of the Ruling Class!

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PUN FROM THE BELLY OF THE BEAST

Continued from Page 7

Argus: Warner Stringfellow's home phone number is listed in the Detroit phone directory too.

Pun: The pigs are awful dumb, if four or five of these fuckin' nars start getting shot right in the head, the other ones, it might take them two or three years to find out, but they'll learn that if they fuck with the people they're going to face the consequences. Now you motherfuckers can put a 24 hour surveillance around Vaughn Kapigian's house.

Argus: Do you know the name of the store?

Pun: I dunno, Louie's Clothing store, or something.

Argus: Louie's? You mean the same scumdog name he used when he infiltrated...

Pun: I dunno, some store. But anyway it should be easily found out, people in Detroit know.

Argus: They can know now, just by looking at the armed guard.

Pun: Yeah. So you put an armed, 24 hour surveillance on those mothers and we'll do somethin' else. There's a punk in Kalamazoo by the name of Mike Gross, he is too, he really is a gross sissy. I hope you put 24 hour surveillance on him cause we'll do something else. If you just look around we got unlimited shit we can do.

Argus: Let's talk about your upcoming, uh, tour?

Pun: Yeah, I'm going to be taking a little trip. I waited till now to do this, because I wanted to set some sort of example to the brothers and sisters who are still in Babylon to let them know that it is possible to live underground and to survive and function. I would say for an unlimited amount of time. Personally, I got busted in California with a loaded pistol and a bunch of dope, and I was with a sister, I can't say her name, but we talked our way out of it. They cut me loose, man, here we had a loaded pistol and a bunch of dope. The thing for the pigs is that they're just so jammed, they got so much shit going on, they're trying to protect so and so many rich people, that they just get jammed up and they can't deal with it. So right now, I've been underground for six months, I've got a chance to go meet with the Vietnamese, I have a chance to go meet with Eldridge Cleaver.

Argus: Especially about the Viet Cong, relating to that whole struggle.

Pun: Mostly what we want to do is to get the young brothers and sisters here in Babylon to relate to internationalism, cause then they find out that the pig power structure isn't so overwhelming as they have been led to believe. Even on just a national basis, not even dealing with internationalism, they're fucked up. But when we start tying in with international struggle that's going on everywhere, every place you look, shit, we got unlimited power. We can get some brothers from Japan, who have to go underground in Japan, we can get those brothers over here. And we can send some brothers over here, who have to go underground, we send them over there. Shit, man we'll freak those fuckers out. They can't deal with the wrath of the people when the people really get their shit together, and really start studying and worrying about shit. Malcolm really blew my mind, that book *Malcolm X Speaks* is the finest book I've read in a long time. I also just finished *Wretched of the Earth* by Franz Fanon, that book has got so much information in it, I'll probably have to read it five or six times before I can get everything out of it that's in it. But that explains a lot about what we're dealing with right now as cultural revolutionaries in the mothercountry. And our culture has really developed. Franz Fanon said a groovy thing about culture, he said, "Culture comes out of struggle, and revolutionary culture comes out of struggle," and it's manifested by the music, art, etc. But it comes out of struggle and we're gonna see that our culture's gonna become truly revolutionary when we start struggling, and our artists and poets and shit start picking up on the struggle and start writing poems about the struggle, start writing songs about

the struggle.

I know the UP are doing this, I know the MC5 used to do it before they got separated from the people. "Motor City's Burnin'" is a good tune, I hope they don't mind me saying this, I know they don't like their first album that they did, but I love it. I think it's a really historical, revolutionary piece of art. The reason why that tune is so good is because the 5 went through those riots. Wayne Kramer and his old lady and some other brothers got busted in those riots along with 10,000 other people. Dig, they arrested 10,000 people in those riots in 1967. And they got busted in that and had to go through all that fuckin' shit of going and havin' to get thrown in jail by all those fascist pigs, and get fucked with and stuff. And so what they did was to capture all the energy and the spirit of the people in those days of insurrection and put it into music, and I think that that tune, that song is a motherfucker. I love "Motor City's Burnin'." That's why it's so great cause they took that energy from the people and then gave it back to the people, you dig? Course that don't be happening now cause they're separated-the people don't be ridin' around in no XK-Es and shit, fuckin' Henry Ford does that. And it's too bad, cause I really love 'em, and I think, I mean I really hope that they would get it back together somehow. I don't know how they're gonna do that cause they seem to be goin' farther and farther away. But we'll see what happens. That's one thing about fascism, fascism doesn't know any lines of distinction, you know? Like they're fascists against the revolutionary people, they're also fascists against the right-wing motherfuckers, the counter-revolutionary people. Fascist government is stone fascist to everybody, whether you're a liberal or whether you're a revolutionary, or no matter what you are, so we'll see, maybe those cats are gonna get dealt with very harshly and they're gonna have to reevaluate their stand, to check things out. We'll see what happens.

Argus: The thing that's going on right now is that sisters are finally gettin' their shit together and realizing that one of the prime sources of alienation is fucked up honko male domination in this fucked up honko male dominated society, and a lot of men are reacting to it. They're not being very revolutionary about it, aren't realizing that women's liberation is a revolutionary struggle.

Pun: Yeah, the sisters, I got nothin but the highest revolutionary respect for the women's liberation movement. I think that for me there's a very close example, and that's in my powerful partner Genie. That sister does more work, and has done more work in organizing the party than anybody else in the party-myself and John Sinclair, or anybody.

One thing I think that I learned from the women's liberation movement is that men have to learn, from the civil rights struggle for instance, that we cannot tell the black people how to go about their liberation. And there's been a lotta screamin and woofin and hollerin about some women's liberation groups and all this, and...

Argus: ...the men who are reacting to it.

Pun: Right, and it just strengthens what the sisters are sayin, you know, when the men start woofin, and tellin the "broads" they're fucked up and shit, I dunno. I don't have nothin to say to women's liberation groups except, "Power to you sisters," and "Right on." Just like there's not a white person in America who wasn't racist at one time, and probably a lot of us who think that we're not racist now probably have a lot of, you know, deep-seated racism. And so, at the same time, I don't think there are any men in America who won't have male chauvinism. And even though we may think that we have rid ourselves of male chauvinism, it's still there, there's still some deep roots there.

Argus: Well, it's a constant struggle that we gotta carry on together to make ourselves truly revolutionary

people. That's the only way to deal with anything, to deal with each other. That's what's gotta happen. And it can happen only when people stop reacting to each other.

Pun: Right. Start analyzing, start seeing where the sisters are coming from, you know? Cause the sisters most definitely got some righteous bitching to do. They got some righteous ass-kicking to do, you know? And the best way to deal with that is to be open to it, to analyze and criticize yourself, criticize the sisters, struggle with the sisters, you know, cause that'll purify that analysis, and it'll purify the men's analysis.

Argus: What else should we talk about?

Pun: I think I'd like to talk about our international program. We're adopting this from the Red Army of Japan. We're gonna adopt it. Our strategic program for internationalism is, first of all, we recognize that the primary imperialist enemy is right here in the United States. We also recognize that there are many other imperialist countries, including Japan, France...

Argus: Israel...

Pun: ...Israel, but our primary target and our primary conflict lies with the United States. And by defeating United States imperialism we play a direct role in defeating all other types of imperialism. Second, we'd like to see some sort of "nation", and this is what I'm gonna be doing when I go across the ocean, out of struggles between all mothercountry radicals and all imperialist countries—"nation" with third world struggles. And thirdly we want to smash racism, support all just struggles of national minorities, in all countries, and we recognize the importance of the liberation of all women and youth. Fourth, we have to organize all U.S. soldiers at home and abroad. In other words, we want power to the people.

On a national level we would like to see individual and organized resistance against fascism, we want aim for all national minorities, starting with the Indians, black people...

Argus: Arms for everybody.

Pun: ...well, we want to push the national minorities first cause they're getting the brunt of fascism and racism.

Argus: Yeah, I'm hip, but you ain't gonna be able to buy guns pretty soon, and we got to get as many guns to as many people as possible, right now. You know, right now.

Pun: Right on. Yeah, the people need guns. I love guns, I think they're great. They're the most democratic thing around. If everyone's got a gun, everybody's equal, ain't no two ways about it. But internationalism, that's the key, man, it's so far out when you think about South America. I'd love to go to South America and fight with those brothers, I'd love to go to Viet Nam and fight with those brothers. But I'd rather stay right here in Amerika.

Argus: Well, that's the thing, bringing the struggle home, keeping it right where it belongs.

Pun: Right. There's so much to do, there's so much like there's that beautiful quote from Mao "So batches out to be done, and all urgently, ten thousand years are too long. Seize the time, seize the hour." There's just so much to be done, we have to be as international consciousness. We also have to build national consciousness. Then we gotta fight on every level, on every front. We gotta fight on the streets, the courts, in our homes. Gotta purge the pig out of us, we all got pig in us, a lot of pig. By struggling, that's how we purge the pig.

Argus: Yeah, we should talk a little about culture. Seems to me, that we just can't overlook the fact that we got an awful lot. That culturally, in terms of building a truly liberated culture, we got an awful lot of shot to teach the rest of the people of the world, too, you know? That our cultural revolution is truly that, a revolution. And that off of that, a lot off of that, is gonna come the whole kind of world we wanna build, what we're developing right now, and we can't lose sight of that. That we got our own inherent thing we're building in the United States, that is, this particular section of the planet. It all came off of a cultural revolution, whereas in most countries, it's been the reverse. Political revolution has been made, and now it's turning to a cultural revolution. Although when you have imperialism on such direct levels, as the Vietnamese or the Cubans, you don't have much time for it. But what we're saying is that we have a lot to teach the rest of the world, as well as learn, because we're pretty far out, too.

Pun: Yeah, but first of all, what is happening now, I think, in the mothercountry here, is that we're seeing the unity of culture and politics. I feel that revolutionary politics is an art, and I think that it's one of the highest art forms. There's like the saying that there's no such thing as art for art's sake, you dig. And at the same time, I'm saying that I don't think that there's revolution for the sake of revolution.

Argus: Revolution for the hell of it.

Pun: Yeah, I think revolution is an art form, and I think every man, woman and child at this time in history has got a chance to become an artist, you dig? So what we're trying to do is bring together the unity of culture and politics. Break down any separation. Like a lot of people have nothing but contempt and bullshit criticism for any sort of cultural revolutionaries. They want us to cut our hair and go into the factories.

Argus: Right. PL.

Pun: But we got a lot of shit to offer the brothers and sisters in the factories, that don't entail us gettin' our hair cut, and going into a factory. And I think we can

make that available to them without doin that.

Argus: We have to. Also, like the development we've gone through with the party. Like at first we were just goofin a lot, you know. And it wasn't taken seriously, like people gotta read somethin in the New York Times before they believe it's real. Somehow the epitome of pig media saying something is true is gonna make it true. Whereas we're saying, man, that people gotta start believing themselves, gotta start believing their own people, their own media—the people's media, and not have to read it in the New York Times to believe it's real. And that's a lot ingrained in the consciousness, people pickin up on really letting the pigs dictate their consciousness, and how they relate to it. And that's bullshit, if we're dealing with those things on a real level—we all gotta pull together, and start learning off each other. And not having to deal with the pig consciousness. Does that make any sense?

Pun: Sure it makes a lot of sense. We have to develop a total alternative to pig culture, and we have to live it right now. Totally, all the time. Maybe this isn't the right place or the right time to criticize some brothers in the Yippie! movement, but at the same time I think it is valid criticism, and I hope they relate to it as revolutionary criticism and not as any sort of put-down.

Argus: Say it.

Pun: To the brothers, primarily brother Rubin and brother Hoffman, we would suggest that they come and side totally with us. Awhile ago I found that they don't even live in communes, and here are two brothers who are supposedly representing our revolutionary culture, and yet they're still living just like a lot of pigs we know. You said something about, that when we first started the party we were just jiving, we were on some levels, but on the other hand, again, from the masses to the masses, you know? We took the spirit of the people, or tried to. It was the consciousness of the people at the time, and we tried to condense it into a ten point program, our first ten point program, which had as its first point full endorsement and support of the Black Panther Party, second point was total assault on the culture by any means necessary including dope, rock and roll, and fucking in the streets. And then it went on to the 8 other points. Free everything, free media, free schools, free tits, free cocks, free everything.

But we dealt with that, we stayed with that program, until the people were ready to go on to another level. And then we revised that program and took it to another level of higher political consciousness, and the program we have now, I'm sure will be revised again, when we're ready, and when the people are ready, cause we're constantly in touch, and we're constantly with the people, we live with them, we live in communes, and when the people get a higher level of consciousness, we'll automatically get a higher level of consciousness.

We were at first trying to form a merger with the Yippies, because they have access to a lot of media, and they have ways and means of getting a lot of information to our brothers and sisters. But at the same time, they don't seem to have any concrete program, any concrete action that the people can follow up with.

Argus: What'd you think of Jerry's book "Do It!"?

Pun: I didn't like it very well. Simply because it didn't show the people a line of action, a line of attack. It's what has to be called bourgeois individualism, or anarchy.

Argus: Or what he would call it, "Yippie!"

Pun: Yeah. I think, if in the last chapter, if he'd have just said, you know, if he'd have just proposed some sort of action, some sort of thing that the brothers and sisters could concretely do on the streets. Whether it's initiating free health clinics, whether it's supporting free breakfast for school children programs, whether it's

getting free rock concerts in the parks, to be used as a means of getting people together, and educating the people. Whether it's setting up LSD funds, legal self defense funds, anything, would have been better than just doing a whole bunch of woofin, and just telling people to do their thing, because Huey Newton teaches us very well that the pigs are very organized and very disciplined, and the only way we're gonna deal with those motherfuckers is to get more organized and more disciplined than they are. And I don't think that the Yippies feel that way about it. I think they feel that if everyone just has a good time, that it's all gonna come down.

Argus: Jerry said that he's apolitical. How can he do that? How can, in this day and age, at this time in the struggle, how can he say something like that? In an interview with Liberation News Service with one of the dudes from the Republic of New Africa, and he really brought it home towards the end of the interview, he said, "Brother Bobby just got ripped off by these pigs," and Abbie Hoffman stands up and says, "Well, we're just doing it for fun, we didn't mean any of it, we're just playing." This is towards the end of the trial. He says, "How can we relate to that? How can the Vietnamese relate to that? How do you expect us to relate to any of that shit? It ain't goofin around for us if Bobby Seale gets chained and gagged and given four years for contempt and now is facing execution in Connecticut."

Pun: I'm afraid that the yippie brothers, and I don't want to dwell on this too long, but dig it, what's happened is they haven't moved with the masses. In 1968, the tactics and the consciousness that they used, at that time was obviously correct. They mobilized a lot of people and they raised people's consciousness to another whole level, because the white brothers and sisters got a firsthand taste of fascism in Amerika. But what's too bad, is that the people moved ahead, and the "leaders" didn't move ahead. So now, Jerry and Abbie, I'm afraid, can only be guilty of one thing, and that's tailism, falling behind the people. And I really love those brothers, and I really think that they can carry on a valid revolutionary struggle, but they got to go to another level, they got to. They got to, or they're gonna fall behind the people. And they already have, they already have. But it's not too late. I haven't been home in about six months, but I'm sure we must have a couple extra rooms, they could move in with us. And they'd get right in touch with the people in a minute.

Argus: Well, they ain't gonna do it...

Pun: ...but all we can do is make it available to them. They might have to sleep in the basement for awhile, I did, I slept in the fucking attic for six months, me and Genie, but you gotta be with the people. Or they could start a chapter in New York. Get a big house, get a bunch of people to move in with them—they don't have to live alone. The lifestyles that are lived by the revolutionary people during the revolution is going to be the prominent lifestyle after the revolution. And every "leader" is going to be put on display, for the people to decide one way or another if the people will accept him. So, we gotta do it, and they gotta do it, for their own good, you know. Cause the people won't accept them anymore, if they don't get it together, cause the people are farther out than the MCS are. The people are farther out than any of these idols that are held up for us to look at.

Argus: The problem as I see it is that they let the image, the media image projection, get totally into their consciousness, and that's what they are now.

Pun: It's image versus reality.

Argus: Let's talk about terrorism and revolutionary violence.

Pun: Terrorism is an elementary stage. Terrorism is,

however, a good way to gauge the intensity, and to gauge the energy level of the people. Cause when you see terrorism going on all over the United States, man, like you see it, the energy level of the people—it's a good gauge. The whole thing, see, it's unstoppable now, it's just gone beyond stopping. So I'd like to say to the pacifists, when you pray, don't pray for an end to the violence, pray for victory, man. Cause the violence ain't gonna end until the people have complete victory. History shows us that there are two kinds of wars, just wars and unjust wars. The White Panther Party not only supports just wars, but actively participates in them. That's paraphrasing Mao. But, it's relevant to what's going down here. The tide turned when the first civilian was shot down in the streets. I would think that would probably be James Rector.

Argus: The first white civilian.

Pun: Yeah, so the tide turned then. But, we ain't got no repression yet. It's like Eldridge says, after traveling around the Third World he realizes that being oppressed in Amerika is like being squashed between two silk sheets. We ain't got repression yet. But it'll come, and that'll just heighten it more, that'll just heighten it more.

Argus: That's the whole thing about repression just leading to an advanced consciousness of revolution. But also you see people talking about repression a lot, and really woofin on repression, really talking on it a lot, and really getting scared shitless, you know. We don't need to be told about it, it's going to happen soon enough, without us saying anything. People still relate to it like a legal thing, where you go to the courts and fight it, you know. Which is far out, but you can't lose sight, that ultimately we're just wastin our time if we ain't dealing with it now. Let the lawyers fight it out in the legal system, but we got other work to do to occupy our time.

Pun: Yeah, the repression conferences and stuff like that are good, though, as media to get some information to some people who wouldn't regularly have it, the liberals, for instance. But they're not what revolution's about, the repression conferences. They're not what the revolution's about. The revolution is about bringing about a political consequence, the revolution is about power, quite simply I guess. Political power. And that comes from a couple of things.

It also comes from guns, it comes from dicks, it comes from pussies, it comes from babies. But Bobby Seale has gotta be cut loose.

Argus: Before you sink back into the belly, Pun, what are the words that you want to leave people with?

Pun: Well, this whole interview I've been doing a lot of screamin and hollering about murdering and maiming and offing pigs and stuff. But there's more to revolution than just that. There's a whole thing about serving the people. Analyzing the needs of the people and then moving in a positive way to fulfill those needs. One of the needs of the people is that Huey Newton, Bobby Seale, John Sinclair, Ahmed Evans, Erika Huggins and all political prisoners be released and returned to the people. That's one of the needs of the people. So most of this tape has been just dealing with that, with answering those needs. But there's a lot of other needs of the people—the people need free medicine, the people need free food, the people need free music, the people need legal self defense funds. The people need a whole lot of things. And these needs can be answered in positive ways. I don't want to make it sound like all you got to do is kill people, kill pigs, to bring about revolution. There's got to be some righteous stomp down grass roots work being done, and it is being done, but it's got to be carried on, at the same time that revolutionary violence is carried on. On all levels. So, when we say all power to the people, we ain't shucking around—we mean all power to the people!

BAD DOG GRAPHIX

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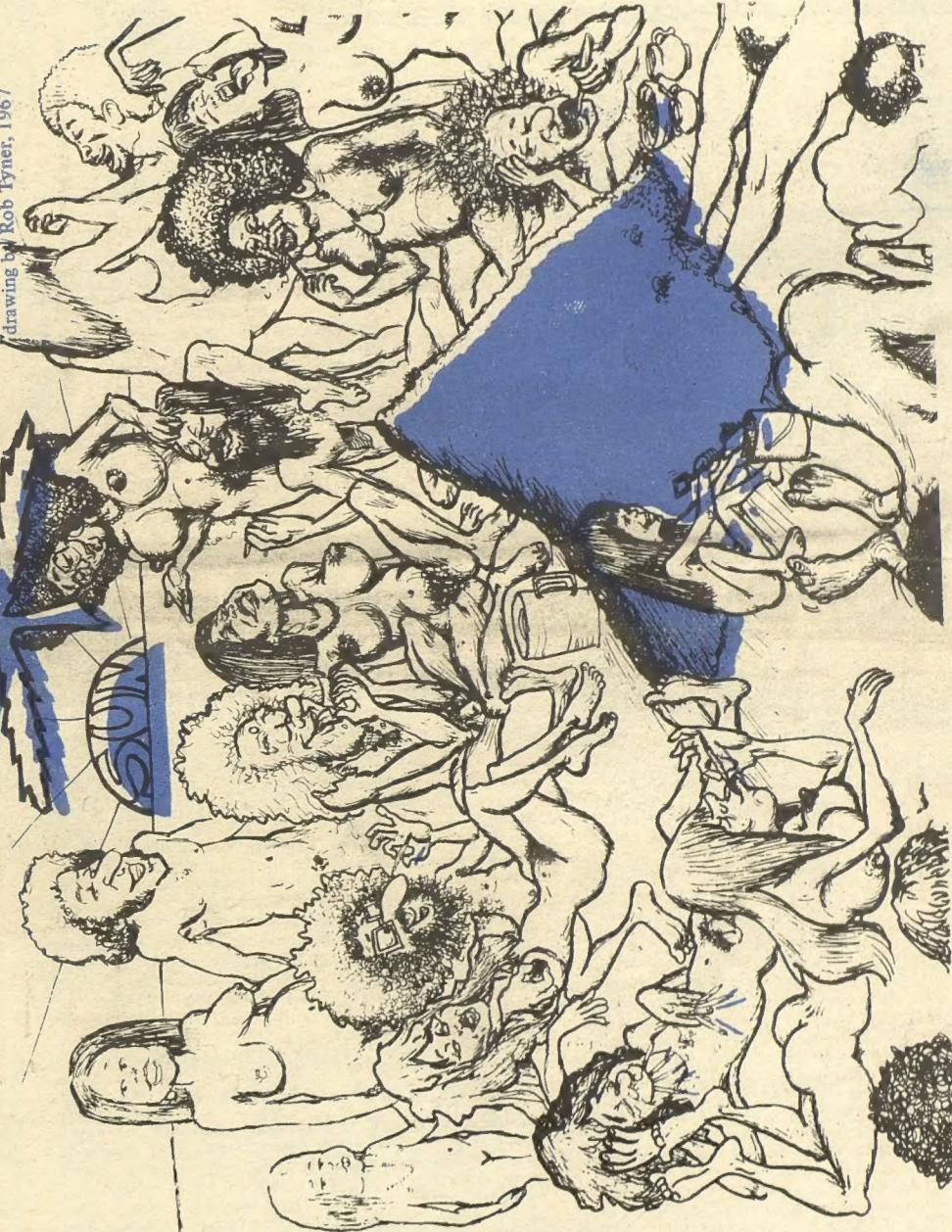
MAY DAY IS MAY DAY!



48823
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drawing by Rob Tyner, 1967



The word is out. May 1st, 1970 is the day for the First Annual Marijuana Mail-in and Cross Country Toke-Down. Dealers and heads all over the U.S. are already madly rolling joints and stuffing envelopes in preparation for the big occasion.

MAY DAY IS CALLED LAW DAY HERE IN THE U.S.A. and every dope smoker will be doing his or her part on that day to change the marijuana laws that are being used by the government, police, and courts of Amerika in an attempt to destroy our rapidly growing culture. Over 200,000 of our brothers and sisters are already rotting in jail for so-called "marijuana crimes." White Panther John Sinclair is doing 10 years for possession of 2 joints, brother Tim Lear has received sentences totalling 20 years for one joint. On May 1st, we the 20 million or more dope smokers in this country, will serve notice on the pig power structure that **THIS CULTURAL GENOCIDE MUST BE STOPPED IMMEDIATELY!!**

On May Day all Americans who have

not yet turned on to the truth of grass will get their chance. Dope smokers will mail joints-with letters of explanation on how to get high on this **ILLEGAL** substance-to every non-smoker. Every policeman, mayor, senator, housewife, factory worker, and businessman will finally learn how to start the day right: with a little bit of reefer.

Through the last week of April every head will send some grass to at least a few straight members of his community. Dope dealers will roll up at least one pound of weed each, tear random pages out of telephone books, and mail joints to every listed name.

Come historic May Day, 1970, pigs will find it impossible to bust thousands of dopers that will gather under the warm spring sun in every park and square of every city and town to share food, music, bodies, and marijuana. The U.S.A. will come together in psychedelic harmony at last. Amerika will break out in one huge smile as everyone will be stoned, high, fucked up, jacked out of shape, mellow, blasted.

The Marijuana Question will be answered May 1st!!!

GRASS FOR THE MASSES

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